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CAMBRIAN PICTURES ;

OR,

EVERY ONE HAS ERRORS.

BY ANN OF SWANSEA.

An age of pain does not atone for a moment of guilt.

T. CORNEILLE.

If that adversity, which arises from loss of fortune, fix our attachment stronger towards the friend that suffers, and force us to new efforts to assist him, the loss of innocence, when it happens from no habitual depravity, forms a much stronger motive to exertion, when those who have fallen struggle to raise themselves up.

SETHOS, Book 8.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II..

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CAMBRIAN PICTURES,

OR

EVERY ONE HAS ERRORS.

CHAPTER I.

And who is she, that gliding slow along,
Seems like the shadowy form of other worlds,
With bosom cold as monumental stone,
Whose face the pale moon beam illumines?—'tis air,
And see the lovely vision melts away.

And she who thrill'd at music's magic flow
Was fancy's victim, passion's frantic child;
One who soft tears had shed for other's woe,
While at her own hard fate she sadly smil'd.

A. J. H.

AFTER an illness of more than two long tedious months, Henry's naturally fine constitution began to triumph over the ravages of disease. The harassing fever, which had long been intermitting, at last

entirely left him: he slowly recovered strength and memory: his brain, in defiance of the physician's prediction, was uninjured; and with health a poignant recollection of the past recurred, with all its consequent regret: though could he have reconciled his feelings to his situation, he had nothing to complain of. The suit of rooms appropriated to his use were decorated with sumptuous and voluptuous elegance, his table was spread with luxurious delicacies, and he was allowed the indulgence of walking in a long gallery, into which his apartments opened. Here, as Henry viewed from the narrow pointed windows the surrounding country, its rich scenery and bold features recalled the sublime views that had so often charmed his eyes in North Wales, while he gazed on the hanging woods and stupendous mountains, or watched the sparkling blue waves dividing from the smooth expanded ocean, and rolling away in distant recollection, returned with

more painful sensations, he sighed for freedom, for the delightful romantic walks round Dolegelly Castle, for the tender, magic smiles of Adeline, for the converse of those dear and valued friends, from whose society he believed himself torn for ever. Agonized with these reflections, regardless of returning health, he ungratefully wished that he had sunk to the peace of the grave, rather than survived to linger out an useless being, shut from the world, and all the blessings of life, a solitary prisoner. The dutchess had twice ventured into his presence during his delirium, but his ravings had so terrified and disconcerted her, that now, when her attendants brought the hope renewing, transporting account, of his recovered reason, she shrank in terror from the idea of encountering the freezing scorn of his expressive eye, from meeting the cutting severity of his reproaches ; her mind was a chaos, in which reason was bewildered and lost, and she remained irresolute and undeter-

mined how to act respecting him : one moment yielding to the reproofing impulse of shame, and softened by remorse for the sufferings she had occasioned, she resolved to liberate him, to accelerate his return to his connections ; the next, the tumults of her bosom, for as yet in her the “ hey-day of the blood was not tame,” the remembrance of his fine person swept away like an impetuous torrent all hopes, all wishes, but those of gratifying the desire he had excited ; and burning with increased passion, which hourly gained ground from opposition, she concluded to retain him her prisoner, till weary with confinement, and thoroughly sensible of the blessings and advantages in her power to bestow, he should be brought to accept her hand. To beguile time of its tediousness, Henry had requested to have some books, but the key of the library (an apartment never visited by the dutchess) had rusted in the lock, and the door could not be opened ; and day after day elapsed

without the lock being taken off, as the steward had promised. Henry now re-collected the manuscript poem he had brought from the matted chamber, and was much pleased on inquiry to find it safe. The inhabitants of the castle had long been retired to rest, while he full of melancholy reflections continued to pace the gallery: though weary, he did not feel inclined to sleep, and in order to banish uneasy thoughts he took up the poem, and seating himself in an arched recess, began to read.

EDA, OR THE BRIDAL NIGHT:

A LEGENDARY TALE.

Hark, 'tis the raven hoarsely croaks;
 The white owl shrilly screams;
 The wind groans through yon aged oaks;
 The stars shed sickly gleams.

Oh, would that morning's beam give light—
 I dread these falling glooms,
 Have you not heard at dead of night
 How ghosts forsake their tombs?

What form is that which o'er the heath
 Glides slowly as if on air—
 God, 'tis as pale as ashy death,
 And seems a shroud to wear.

'Tis Eda's spirit, at this hour
 She from her grave doth rise,
 And seeking Albert's bridal bower,
 Appals his heart and eyes.

Albert to Eda often swore
 He lov'd her more than light,
 That every day he lov'd her more—
 To her his faith did plight.

He vow'd if heaven would spare his life
 That he with her would wed,
 That she alone should be his wife ;
 She only share his bed.

A ring he gave, a ruby heart
 Pierc'd with an arrow keen,
 From which the blood did seem to start,
 And lie in drops between.

“ Let this upon thy finger stay,
 A pledge of love most true ;
 May peace from me be far away,
 When I prove false to you.”

A tear-drop fell on Eda's cheek ;
 Her heart his words believ'd :
 " Pray God," she cry'd, " who hears thee speak,
 " I near may be deceiv'd ;"

" For nought from death could Eda save,
 If thou should'st from her fly,
 And soon within the grass-bound grave,
 Heart broken she would lie."

Albert renew'd his vows of love,
 He kiss'd her tears away,
 And more his heart's firm faith to prove,
 Thus fervently did pray :

" If I should break my vow of love,
 And with another wed,
 God grant thou may'st my chamber rove,
 And share my nuptial bed.

" And may this ring with ruby heart
 Upon thy finger shine ;
 May drops of crimson from it start,
 And stain this hand of mine."

Again he kiss'd, again he swore,
 And cheer'd her doubting mind,
 Yet not a week had gone before
 False Albert's vows were wind.

Mabel, a rich and haughty dame,
 On Albert fix'd her eyes,
 And he with joy beheld a flame
 That promis'd such a prize.

The timid beam of Eda's eye,
 Like violets bright with dew,
 Her blushing cheeks, vermilion dye ;
 Her bosom spotless hue.

All were forgot as Mabel glanc'd
 At wealth and large estate,
 As she her senses held entranc'd,
 And vow'd to make him great.

No more of Eda now he thought,
 His heart was swell'd with pride ;
 That faithless heart for gold was bought,
 And Mabel was his bride.

And Albert from the church came gay ;
 His friends around him prest,
 And he to grace his wedding day
 Invited many a guest.

All gay the merry bells rang round,
 All blithe the tabor play'd,
 But strait before them on the ground
 A grave was newly made.

“For who is this pray?” ask’d the bride:

“’Tis Eda’s grave they say;”

Albert then shuddering turn’d aside,

And musing went his way;

And soon he heard the funeral bell,

And saw the village move,

“Oh, God!” he cry’d, “it is the knell

Of her I swore to love.”

The bride sat gaily at the feast,

In splendid robes array’d,

But chill and sad was Albert’s breast,

His conscience sore dismay’d.

And when the midnight hour drew nigh,

When all retired to rest,

Mabel with bright expecting eye

Her bridal pillow press’d.

And Albert, full of thought and woe,

Prepar’d to join his bride;

When through the chamber pale and slow

Did Eda’s spirit glide.

Henry found something in this poem
which made him pause to lament that
the genius of Lady Julia should now
like “sweet bells jumbled and out of

ture," only pour the incoherent rhapsodies of madness. Again he had resumed the manuscript; a deep sigh, seemingly breathed near him, drew his attention; he lifted up his eyes, the hour, the stillness of the night, the story he was reading, his own forlorn situation, might well excite melancholy ideas; but Henry was a stranger to the idle weakness of suspicion. Again he began to read, when an odd kind of rustling noise at the other end of the gallery again called his attention; he looked and saw a female figure gliding along, so light, so shadowy, that he was almost persuaded it was Eda's ghost; it advanced towards him, and laying a thin transparent white hand upon his arm, and at the same time throwing up a veil that hung over its pale face, fixed a pair of soft melting dark eyes upon him, and said in a tremulous hurried voice:—

“ I have made you wait a tedious time, my Horace. Lord Lucun has detained me to remonstrate and menace, but no-

thing could prevent your Julia from coming to her appointment."

Henry beheld Lady Julia Nevil, the beauteous maniac, whose sorrows he had so much commiserated ; he gazed on her still fine though faded person in speechless sorrow, while she continued :—

" Yes, yes, you are a philosopher ; but, oh, God ! philosophy cannot conquer love : thine is a frigid heart, it neither glows with nor understands the warmth of mine. You tell me to forget you ; no, no—I cannot, will not forget you ! it is impossible ! I see you every where ; your image pursues me in my retirement, if I read I find you in all my books ; if my hand sweeps the chords of my harp, you mingle in its most melodious strains. Nevil, I have shed on thy account oceans of tears, but I can weep no more ; no drop falls on my burning cheek, no shower relieves the pain that rankles here."

Her hands were prest upon her bosom :

for a moment she stood silent, then as if in reply suddenly exclaimed :—

“ Well, never grieve : though Lord Lucun has forbade you the castle, he cannot banish you from the heart of his daughter ; no, ever worshipped, for ever adored, that heart is all thine own.”

Henry took her hand ; it was cold as ice ; he spoke to her, she appeared frightened, and snatching away her hand, retreated from him ; in a few seconds she returned, and removing his hand from his forehead, said mournfully :—

“ No, no—for ever, we are parted for ever.” Again gazing earnestly in his face, she shook her head, and continued : “ The eyes of Horace Nevil were not dark : his hair was brown, and his mouth—love played upon his lips, and recoiled in smiles about his mouth. But, fare thee well. I remember we were wedded—for a little hour he was mine and I was his. Once, only once

his fond arms encircled Julia ; once, only once, his breath mingled with mine ; that was a moment of soul rapture. Oh, what have my moments since been ! Yes, yes, come to my dressing-room to-morrow night ; it will be the safest place. Escape with thee, most certainly beloved of my soul ! what is the world to me—thou art Julia's world."

Her unconnected ramblings pierced Henry to the soul : he felt that reason, frightened from her throne, was fled for ever, and his mind, ever full of humanity and compassion, experienced an indescribable pang, as he surveyed the beautiful ruin before him, as he contemplated the overthrow of such a mind.

" Ah !" sighed he, " what avails the inspirations of genius, the bright emanations of talent, they only render sensibility more acute, they only barb the arrows of misfortune."

Lady Julia again laid her icy fingers on his, and with a look of unutterable woe said :—

“ He sleeps peacefully ! he knows not, feels not my sorrows ! But we shall meet again—I trust we shall ; I will then tell him all I have endured : they would have married me, but Nevil, I am thine ; could Julia fold another to the bosom on which thy head had rested. You must be gone, love, before day. Yes, yes, I have expected thee ; day after day I have said he will come ; I have felt the torture of suspense, the misery of procrastinated hope. Remember, how can I fail to remember, what is traced in burning characters upon my heart—we meet to-morrow night.”

Again she let the veil conceal her features, and darting across the gallery, disappeared in an instant at the upper end. Henry flew after her, but in his haste he unfortunately extinguished the light ; the moon indeed shone brightly through the windows at the end of the gallery where he had sat ; but the upper part was obscured in darkness : he felt for the pannel through which he knew she must

have passed, but it was closed, nor could he discover any spring or secret method by which any part of what appeared to be solid wall could open. This incident, however, renewed the hope of escape: he had no doubt but Lady Julia would visit the gallery again, and he resolved not to let that opportunity pass without endeavouring to profit by it. With a mind filled by recent circumstances, melting with pity for the incurable malady of the hapless Lady Julia, and throbbing with renovated hope, Henry threw himself upon his bed, not to sleep, for he never felt less inclined that way; but to reflect, to wait for day-light, that he might again search for the opening through which the lovely maniac had vanished; but sleep, like death, "will come when it will come," and many hours of the morning had elapsed before he awoke from dreams of happiness and freedom, to the certainty of being a prisoner. His first thought was the gallery; he examined it with scrutinizing

exactitude, but still without discovering the object of his search. A whole length picture of a warrior in armour engaged his attention ; it shook beneath his hand. This was the pannel through which Lady Julia had passed ; but its fastening was on the other side. Pleased with having made the discovery, he taught his mind to wait with patience for the next visit of the fair wanderer, whose steps he determined to follow, trusting that they would lead to liberty : this point being settled, he sat down to finish the story of Eda.

Her chilly arms did him embrace,

“ Albert, thou’rt mine,” she cries ;

“ Dost thou not know thy Eda’s face ?

Come turn on me thine eyes.

“ Albert, false Albert, thou art mine,

Behold this ruby heart,

Heav’n let’s it on my finger shine ;

Bids blood-drops from it start.”

And Albert's hands were spotted o'er ;
 The ring dropt blood and blaz'd ;
 He felt the grasp, beheld the gore ;
 His eyes with horror glaz'd.

“ Just like this ring my heart has bled ;
 Keen anguish did it know,”
 And now the spectre hollow said :
 “ Thy nights will all be woe ;

“ For soon as darkness veils the pole,
 I from the grave shall glide.
 When deep the midnight bell doth toll,
 Expect thy buried bride.

“ Thou every night in my embrace
 Shalt fear and horror feel,
 And every night upon thy face
 The kiss of death I'll seal.

“ And thou shalt see the grave worm draw
 Across my neck its trail,
 And thou shalt see the black toad gnaw
 My cheek so sunk and pale.

“ And every night I'll clasp thee round ;
 Thy ring shall bleed and shine,
 And in thy ear my voice shall sound—
 False Albert, thou art mine.

“ Sleep ne’er shall on thy eye-lids hang,
 Or give thy horrors rest,
 Till thou hast suffer’d every pang
 That harrow’d Eda’s breast.

“ Albert, false Albert, thou art mine ;
 Know’st thou not Eda’s face ?
 Thy ring doth on my finger shine ;
 My arms do thee embrace.”

And now the morning’s trembling ray
 Saw Eda’s shade depart,
 But Albert sunk, in anguish lay,
 With horror at his heart.

Mabel, who’d nothing heard or seen,
 Lay wondering till ’twas light,
 And little did she joy I ween
 In this her bridal night.

She thought indeed ’twas more than odd
 That she a new made bride
 Should have a dull and stupid clod
 Lie lumpish by her side.

But every night ’tis just the same,
 For Albert seems as dead,
 And Mabel, though a wealthy dame,
 Wishes she ne’er had wed.

And sunk is Albert's sparkling eye,
 And blanch'd his rosy cheek,
 Cold damps upon his forehead lie,
 And fear his looks bespeak.

And he who late so gay was seen,
 To every pleasure dead,
 With measur'd step and mournful mien,
 Now bends to earth his head.

Constant still upon the heath,
 Wrap'd in a winding sheet,
 That pale and icy form of death
 At this lone hour you'll meet.

Albert, the wealth that won thy heart
 By strangers shall be spent,
 Childless from life shalt thou depart,
 And none shall thee lament ;

While still the hapless Eda's tomb
 With willow shall be drest,
 And maids shall weep her early doom,
 And bid her spirit rest ;

And many a rose impearl'd with dew,
 By meek ey'd evening shed,
 Shall tender pity's fingers strew,
 Across thy turfy bed.

“ And this,” said Henry, laying down the manuscript, “ is the production of her whose feeling mind sunk in intellectual gloom, glows no more with the divine inspirations of genius. Love only, like a solitary star, visible on the black curtain of night, elicits its bright sparkles to irradiate the midnight darkness. And Nevil, him so worshipped, whose adored image never fades from her remembrance, he, who amidst all her wanderings, reigns undivided sovereign of her distempered imagination—the magnet to which her trembling fancy, ever faithful to his beloved memory, invariably turns ; he is at rest.—The strong arm of oppression can torture him no more, his heart has forgot to throb, and love and misfortune can afflict no longer. But her, whose callous soul, whose unfeeling pride, separated such hearts—whose shameless folly broke the links of a most dear and sacred affection, can her days pass peacefully away ? Are her nights blest with repose ? If so, eternal justice slumbers. Can such

a guilty being boast of happiness? Can the glitter of wealth, the pageantry of rank, cast a veil over the appalling remembrance? Can it conceal the horror of having driven a daughter to madness, of having desolated a mind rich with the invaluable treasures of genius, taste, and sensibility?"

The longer Henry reflected on the derangement of Lady Julia, the more he thought of her talents, so lost, so destroyed, the higher his detestation arose of the Dutchess of Inglesfield, who, as he reviewed her conduct as a mother, appeared before the tribunal of his judgment a very fiend in human shape. And he was even led to doubt, though he shuddered at the idea, whether Nevil had not met a violent end. Another tedious week had now worn away, and Henry had almost lived in the gallery, but the fair maniac did not return. Constantly and anxiously his eyes were turned on the warrior, whose stern and forbidding countenance seemed to frown

disappointment on his cherished wishes, and the first rays of light illumed the east every morning before he could prevail on himself to quit his station, or seek that repose his wearied frame and harassed feelings rendered so requisite. After having spent a day of more than usual melancholy, his spirits almost sunk in despair ; hopeless, and almost lifeless, he beheld the evening set in dark and stormy—hollow gusts of wind rattled the gothic windows, and swept along the gallery—black and heavy clouds seemed to hover on the agitated bosom of the ocean, loud peals of thunder rolled heavily along the sky, and bright and jagged lightnings darted their blue fires through the windows. It was a scene in unison with Henry's feelings, and he sat mournfully listening to the tempest, and watching the vivid concussions, when a low creaking noise struck his ear ; he started from his seat, and springing across the gallery, saw the stern old warrior slide out of sight, and in his place appear

the fair maniac, with a lamp in her hand. As she entered from the opening, her veil, and long dark hair, that hung in loose tresses on her bosom, floated in the wind, which rushed through the pannel, and gave her the appearance of one of those cruel beings which fancy loves to embody. Her face was pale as death, but her eyes, her melting expressive eyes were more brilliant than ever; she had a transparent muslin robe wrapped loosely round her, and her thin form seemed even more shadowy, more light than when he had last seen her. As she entered, she looked round as if expecting some person: at length in a whispering voice she said:—

“Dearest Nevil, all is prepared, come.”

Henry advanced gently towards her: she held the lamp to his face, looked disappointed, sighed heavily, and waving her hand, said in a hurried tone:—

“Go, go—”

He moved to a little distance from

her ; she advanced to the window, and exclaimed :—

“ See, see the skiff will be lost ! how the waves rise in mountains round her. Oh ! she will sink, and with her will be lost all hopes of flying from this dismal castle.”

Henry looked out, a vivid flash of lightening shewed him a vessel in the offing ; but was any meaning to be attached to her words ; were they any thing more than some of the wild ideas that continually chased each other across her imagination.

“ All is in readiness, my beloved,” said Lady Julia ; “ but my greatest treasures I carry about my person : here,” continued she, drawing a paper from her bosom ; “ here are the scriptures of the loyal Leonitus ; this is a talisman, I wear it on my heart. And here,” said she in a voice of mournful melody, pointing to the finger on which was her wedding ring, “ here is a memento of lost happi-

ness. Oh, Nevil, Nevil—adored of my soul, lost, lost for ever. They forbid me to think of him—but who shall restrain the privilege of thought! the tyrants with inventive cruelty may forge manacles for the limbs; but where exists the gigantic power that can confine thought.”

This was the second connected sentence that she had uttered that night, and Henry hailed them as the happy harbingers of returning reason. He approached her, and gently taking her hand inquired after her health.

“Health,” echoed she, “it fled with Nevil—with my happiness. The wind blows cold,” added she, wrapping her veil round her; “but my heart is warm, my brain is all flame, and I have dreams—oh, such dreams—so blissful, so agonizing; I see him in the deep gloom of night, and I hear his voice softer than the sighing of the summer’s breeze—and that fascinating smile. I thought he loved me; he told me he did,

or I would never——Hark! he calls me—worshipped of my soul, I come.”

Henry had placed himself against the picture to prevent its closing, and as she darted through the aperture, he followed her into a little square closet, where opening a low door, she descended a flight of steps; a sudden gust of wind blew out her lamp. All was involved in darkness; he could not see his hand before him, nor could he distinguish the steps of his fair conductress—was she yet near him—in this perplexity, he determined to proceed, and groping by the wall, he reached the bottom of the stairs in safety. A long and heavy peal of thunder seemed to shake the castle to its foundation, and in the next instant, a vivid flash of lightning discovered to Henry a gallery similar to the one he had left above; he pursued his way cautiously along it. A light streamed through a door that stood ajar. Henry now paused; this might be the dutchess’s

apartment ; if it were, he resolved to enter—to upbraid her with her conduct, to demand his liberty, to shame her, if she were not entirely dead to modesty, into compliance. Full of this idea, he pushed open the door ; and saw her reclining on a sofa, reading a letter, with which she was so occupied that she did not hear him enter—not the Dutchess of Inglisfield, but a creature young, beautiful, and finely formed, fair as the fabled houri of Mahomet, her rich auburn hair playing in luxuriant ringlets over a forehead of ivory, and shading eyes whose colour seemed borrowed from the bright blue arch of heaven. Henry, in the utmost astonishment, was beginning an apology, when a faint shriek from the lovely object before him threw him into the greatest consternation : he feared he should repent his imprudence in entering the apartment, should he again be prevented from escape. He would have flown from her presence, but catching his arm, she told him he had nothing to

apprehend, for her attendants were retired for the night, and not easily disturbed; she apologized for her scream, which was the sudden impulse of fear, and added:—

“My own folly was near frustrating all my hopes of future felicity. You bring me intelligence of Captain Lonsdale?”

Henry had listened in evident surprise to the beginning of her speech; but at the name of Captain Lonsdale he began to comprehend, and he hastened to undeceive her, by recounting to her as briefly as he could who he was, by what means brought to the castle, and how he came into her apartment: she attended to his recital with mingled amazement and regret, and in return for his confidence gave him the pleasing intelligence that the hour of escape was really near at hand. From her conversation, he learned that she was Lady Isabella Belville, the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Lucan, and coheirress with Lady Julia to

his estates, unjustly withheld, she being now near three and twenty years of age. With many blushes, she confessed that having no prospect of softening her mother's heart in Captain Lonsdale's favor, nor of being released from the disagreeable restraint in which she lived ; she had prevailed on one of the domestics to favor her correspondence with her lover, and that she expected him, and a near relation of his, the very next night to deliver her from worse than Egyptian bondage. "Not supposing," continued she, "that the Dutchess of Inglisfield had converted the castle into a prison for any other than her own family, I concluded you was the gentleman Captain Lonsdale proposed sending, not choosing, his own person being well known, to hazard a discovery by appearing about the castle himself. Lady Isabella was much affected at the shameless conduct of her mother, who, she informed Henry, was unwell, and that her indisposition by confining her to her apartment would give

them a more favorable opportunity to escape: that the vessel he had seen in the offing was one prepared, and waiting to carry them to Italy, where they intended taking Lady Julia, in the hope that a warmer climate would at least restore her health; her senses she feared were fled for ever. Henry expressed his hope that her malady might yet be curable.

“ I have no hope,” replied Lady Isabella, “ but my tender affection for the dear sufferer would not allow me to leave her. I am the only person whom she regards, and while she lives, I will watch over her—I will as far as I am capable soften the calamity with which it has pleased heaven to afflict her.”

As she spoke the tears fell from her lovely eyes; sacred, thought Henry, are the drops of pity shed for the woes of another, they sink not unregarded in the earth: no, angels collect them; they shine in heaven, the holy records of a feeling heart. Mutual explanations hav-

ing taken place, and arrangements made for their departure, Henry perceiving day appear, left Lady Isabella to her repose : he regained the gallery, and sat down, till it was sufficiently light for him to see to fasten back the spring of the pannel, which he dreaded to have closed again, lest in the hurry of their departure he should be forgot, and lose the only opportunity of escape that might ever offer.

CHAP. II.

Oh 'tis a fearful thing to die, to go we
Know not where ; to leave the pomp and
Pageants of the world, to diet worms.

Shakespeare.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath,
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Gray.

In the deep unbroken silence of the
Grave, the wailing voice of sorrow is not
Heard—Love, Genius, Friendship all are mute.

A. J. H.

“THE poet was certainly right, when he gave to time the epithet of leaden footed,” said Henry, as he walked with impatient steps through his apartments

to the gallery, and from the gallery to his apartments again. He experienced as I do all the anxious feelings of hope, all the tortures of suspense. Never had day been so wearisome, never had it appeared so uncommonly long ; never was the lengthened shadows of evening hailed with so much joy ; never half so welcome, as those which held forth the promise of a liberation from the gloomy confinement of Raven-hill Castle. Henry watched the last rays of the sun, sinking behind the mountains, with sensations of delight he had long been a stranger to ; while the enchantress Hope suggested a far distant happier scene, when it should set on the morrow. He counted hour after hour, as the deep toned oracle of the east turret sent forth its loud and reverberating sound. It was near midnight, and Henry was on the point of descending to the apartment of Lady Isabella, when an unusual bustle in the gallery gave to his apprehensive and agitated mind the distracting idea that

the enclosed pannel had been discovered ; and he was hastily leaving his chamber to ascertain the full extent of his misfortune, when he was encountered by the steward, who in accent of grief and terror told him that all concealment was now at an end ; that the Dutchess of Inglesfield was dying, and had requested with solemn earnestness to see him. Henry felt an extreme reluctance to obey the summons—he apprehended some new contrivance—he wished to remain in the gallery. The expectation of liberty was infinitely more interesting to his heart than the expiring dutchess, for whom he felt but a small portion of compassion, and whom he thought might be spared from the world, where her violent passions and tyrannical dispositions had rendered her an object of universal hatred, and where she had only proved a scourge to those dependent on or unhappily connected with her. But on the steward saying her daughters were in her apartment, he no longer hesitated,

but followed to the chamber of the dutchess ; who, propped up by pillows, and gasping for breath, lay under a superb canopy of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered, and adorned with fringes and tassels of gold. Every article about her apartment was of the most costly and magnificent kind, and all its arrangements wore an air of voluptuous luxury ; Henry contrasted the splendid adornments of her bed and chamber with her own emaciated form, cadaverous countenance, and hollow eyes ; and thought how unavailing riches were in an hour like that, when death stood grinning over his prey, and the grave yawning to mingle her with her native earth.

When Henry was announced, she appeared greatly agitated, and attempted to speak ; but unable to articulate, she sank back on the down that supported her ; and the only words that could be distinguished were, pity, forgive. You are at liberty.—Henry forgot all she had made him suffer, as he viewed the ghast-

ly form before him, as he contemplated the anguish depicted on her features, and heard the exclamations that told how unwilling she was to quit the world. Lady Isabella knelt weeping by the bed-side, and was vainly endeavouring to sooth her mother, and console her with the hope of eternal happiness; but awakened conscience was now reproaching her with duties neglected, with crimes committed; and deaf to consolation she was offering the physician seated near her immense sums to prolong her life only for a month, a week, a single day.

Lady Julia Nevil stood mournfully leaning against the chimney-piece, unnoticed any thing, till roused by the dutchess exclaiming: "I cannot, will not die." She slowly advanced to the bed, and leaning over her mother, said:—"Where is Horace? where have you hid my beloved Nevil?" The dutchess shuddered, as she beheld her gaze fixed upon her; and as if to shut out so terrible an object, closed her eyes, while

a deep groan burst from her. "What!" said Lady Julia, do you groan? I thought that was my exclusive privilege. Oh, I thought no one had occasion to groan but me. Well, well," continued she sighing heavily, "the time will arrive when we must all render up our accounts at the tribunal of heaven; the cause for groans will then be investigated."

The dutchess trembled; her countenance underwent a frightful change.— "Julia, my dearest Julia," said Lady Isabella, rising from her kneeling posture, and tenderly taking the arm of her sister, "let me lead you hence; our unhappy parent is dying." "Aye," replied the fair maniac, "and my Nevil is already dead—he waits for me in heaven; but where will his murderer go?"

The dutchess gave a convulsive shriek, and the attendants endeavoured to remove Lady Julia, but avoiding them, she caught her mother's arm, and said, "Stay, stay, don't you go to my beloved

Horace ; the time will soon, yes, very soon arrive, when we shall sleep quietly in the grave together, but don't you come to disturb and separate us." The dutchess appeared in the greatest agonics : Lady Isabella aided by Henry would have led her sister from the apartment : but clinging to the drapery of the bed, she continued to question her mother respecting Nevil ; and telling her that heaven never slept, but had witnessed all her miseries during her affecting ravings. The dutchess had appeared to suffer the most excruciating pangs of mind and body. In the midst of this distressing scene, an elegant young man was ushered into the room, who flying to Lady Isabella caught her in his arms, while she, half fainting, murmered, " Dearest Lonsdale !" Lady Julia had now sunk into a state of melancholy silence ; and the dutchess, having had a medicine administered, beckoned them to her : they sank on their knees before her ; she made an attempt to join their hands— but this effort, trifling

as it was, proved too much for her exhausted frame—she just uttered the word *bless*, sunk back on her pillow, and fell into convulsions, in which she remained above an hour ; and recovered only to reproach herself for past crimes, and then expired.

Henry shuddered at the fearful end of a woman who had lived only for herself, and the gratification of her own diabolical passions, who had left this world without hope of happiness in the next, quitted the apartment with Captain Lonsdale. The steward led them down the grand staircase, and threw open the door of a magnificently furnished saloon, where a gentleman was standing examining a picture ; as they entered he turned round, and Henry had the un-hoped felicity of beholding his dear friend, the Honorable Horatio Dalamere. After the tumultuous feelings of surprise and joy their unexpected meeting occasioned had in some degree subsided, Henry narrated at large all

the adventure that had occurred since their strange separation.

“ And now, my friends,” said he gaily, “ I believe my romance is concluded ; for, to wind up the catastrophe properly, the witch of the castle is dead, and I am released from durace vile.” Dalamere and Captain Lonsdale had been listening to Henry’s account of his confinement with silent astonishment, and now in turn congratulated him on his liberation, and commiserated the sufferings he had undergone ; at the same time expressing their suspicion that the scheme had not been carried into effect without the approbation and connivance of Lord Dungarvon ; but this opinion, which Henry had also imbibed, was shortly after entirely confuted by Lady Isabella, to whom the dutchess, being given over by her physician, and without any hope of recovery, had confessed the whole history of her passion for, and designs upon Henry, together with his being a prisoner in the castle, with which the Earl of

Dungarvon was absolutely unacquainted, and which nefarious scheme had been planned and carried into execution through the contrivance of the prolific brain of her favorite woman, who was sister to Captain Lawson, the gallant commander of the *Ceres*; by whom the whole business of seizing Henry, and conveying him to Raven-hill Castle had been managed. Lady Isabella had also acquainted her mother with her intended elopement, now no longer necessary; and the dutchess requested to see Captain Lonsdale: when he arrived, intending to bestow her consent, when it could no longer be of consequence, to an union which nothing but a strict adherence to duty on Lady Isabella's part had prevented taken place two years before—A stranger even to the branches of her own family, without a female friend or companion; the situation of Lady Isabella, heiress to incalculable wealth, was extremely awkward; she had lived in such absolute seclusion, that she had not even

an acquaintance that she could send for to remain with her—and now surrounded by death, and her lover an inmate of the castle, her situation was peculiarly distressing, without a friend on whom she could rely to superintend the funeral of her mother, or arrange her affairs. It became necessary to invest some person with power to act for her, in this distressing emergency. It was not in nature to suppose that her grief for the death of a woman, who had constantly denied her every indulgence her rank in life and large fortune authorised her to expect, could be very violent. But Lady Isabella was tender and amiable—she forgot her faults, and remembered only that she was her parent, to whose memory she wished to pay every proper respect: but she was absolutely alone; her sister in a state of confirmed derangement, and herself encompassed with difficulties, and called upon to act in a business with which she was utterly unacquainted, and

totally unfit for ; she was therefore necessitated to wave punctilios, and obliged to yield to the ardent and pressing solicitations of Captain Lonsdale, and the advice of his friends, to give herself a legal protector—it was therefore concluded, though with evident reluctance on her part, while her mother lay a corpse in the castle, that the next day, the second after the decease of the dutchess, should begin the felicity of Captain Lonsdale, by uniting him with the object of his tender affection, the amiable and beautiful Lady Isabella Belville. Lady Julia Nevil, who had for many days appeared more calm, and had even given the hope of recovering reason, on the night of the dutchess's death she relapsed into greater gloom and deeper melancholy than ever : her insanity had taken a new turn ; she no longer fancied her husband lived—no longer wandered to different parts of the castle to meet and converse with him ; her imagination now only dwelt on the deceased Nevil ; and

she insisted on having robes of the deepest mourning. In her wildest fits, in her most frenzied hours, music had always acted upon her like a charm: in the moments when her malady hurried her into actions of violence, if her attendants placed her harp before her, she would sink into calmness; and sweeping its strings with tremulous fingers, would draw forth sounds of melancholy sweetness, to which she would sing the plaintive incoherencies that floated in her distempered fancy, in tones so melting, so pathetic, that every eye except her own would be suffused with tears, while she "sat smiling at grief:" she would also listen in mute and raptured attention to the airs her sister played and sang; but now music had lost its attraction, she no longer listened.... no longer was charmed by the "melody of sweet sounds," or attended to its soothing powers. But restless and agitated, continued to wander from her own apartment to the chamber

of her mother, now stripped of its magnificent adornments, and hung with black, where the Dutchess of Inglisfield ghastly and disfigured, wrapped in the dreary habiliments of the grave, lay under a state-ly canopy of black velvet, on which was emblazoned the arms of the family in gold, surmounted with an enormous plume of feathers, which waving mournfully over, seemed to say: "fie, this is pageantry." For hours she would stand gazing on the corpse: twice she had taken the cold damp hand of her mother, and laid it on her bosom, saying:—

"Only feel how it beats; you can never hope to still its throbbings, never expect my heart to be tranquil, though you have buried him."

At another time, after looking wistfully in the dutchess's face for some moments, she clasped her hands together, and in a tone of agony whispered:—

"Can you sleep, you who have banished repose from me—you who have murdered Nelvil! Was she my mother?"

No, no—mothers are tender of their children ! they do not destroy them.”

To Henry's inquiries respecting Mr. Nevil Lady Isabella informed him that he was the son of a poor clergyman, a young man of elegant figure, and captivating address ; a scholar and a gentleman : that he had for his extraordinary abilities been engaged by the Earl of Lucun, as preceptor to his son, who died before he had attained his eleventh year : that her sister having even in infancy discovered strong indications of genius, Mr. Nevil had been retained after the death of their brother, to superintend her studies. The romantic and susceptible Julia became but too sensible of the merits and graces of Mr. Nevil ; she imbibed a passion for him ardent and unconquerable ; the glowing effusions of her muse were addressed to him, and every word, and every look, told the warm attachment of her heart. Was it wonderful that a young man so flattered should feel an equal passion for her,

whose person, sufficiently attractive, possessed the double charm of talent and of congenial mind. Lady Lucan was the first to discover their affection; Mr. Nevil was dismissed the castle, but Lady Julia and him contrived to meet; and his father, a needy and ambitious man, married them. In the night of their nuptials, a servant privy to the circumstance betrayed them to the enraged earl, who with the entire approbation and advice of Lady Lucan had him torn from the arms of his wife, and confined in the matted chamber. Mr. Nevil's father, dreading the consequences of having married an heiress to his son, abandoned the unfortunate young man to his fate; and went abroad, where he died. In struggling with the servants, who were forcibly dragging him up the stairs, Mr. Nevil's arm was broke: it was never properly set, and it brought on a fever that fixed on his nerves; and after languishing many months in hopeless despondency, his unhappy existence

terminated : he was buried with all possible privacy at mid-night in the vaults of the castle, without any rite or ceremony whatever. The miserable Julia lost her senses the night her husband was forced from her : and she had now for more than ten years dragged on a wretched life—lost to all enjoyment. The victim of pride and resentment sunk in cureless insanity. Henry heard this tale with the sincerest emotions of pity ; his heart felt the deepest commiseration for the unfortunate divided pair ; but out of respect to Lady Isabella, he forbore making any comments on the inexorable being who had occasioned, and could behold the calamitous effects of her cruelty unmoved, who could witness the barbarous devastation she had made, nor endeavour to atone before too late. In her dying moments her self-reproaches had convinced him that she had kept alive the resentment of the Earl of Lucan ; that she had loved Horace Nevil, and that jealousy had been the avenging

fiend who had occasioned the death of him, and the distraction of Lady Julia. The next morning the happy and enamoured Captain Lonsdale led the beautiful blushing Lady Isabella Belville, attended by the honorable Mr. Delamere, Henry, and a number of the male and female domestics, to the altar, where they plighted to each other those sacred vows dissoluble only by death: the ceremony was concluded, when Lady Julia Nevil, unobserved by any one, entered the chapel, and gliding up a remote aisle, reached the altar just as the benediction was pronounced: she sunk on her knees between her sister and Captain Lonsdale, and laying her white arms on the altar, said with solemn earnestness:—

“ Here I vowed to love him to the last hour of my existence—here I renew that vow. Nevil, I was thine ! am thine for ever.”

Her eyes closed, and she fell into the extended arms of Captain Lonsdale. In a few moments she again beheld the

light, but it was only to press her wedding ring to her lips, to say:— “ Bury me with my adored Nevil.” The agonized spirit then burst from its mansion, and the victim of romantic love was at peace ; the heart that had throbbed with the truest, most ardent affection, felt the excruciating pang of disappointment no more. Lady Isabella was carried fainting from the altar ; and this event, though little to be lamented, because it released a sufferer from the worst of miseries, involved the castle in the deepest affliction : the dutchess had expired utterly unlamented by all, except those few whose interest was connected with her being ; and whose situations were lost by her death. But the beautiful interesting maniac, the suffering Lady Julia Nevil, was beloved by all : her disastrous passion, her distressing malady, had for years furnished stories of lamentation among the domestics of the castle : and every heart and every eye paid a weeping tribute to her genius, her worth, and her

sorrows. Henry, though extremely impatient to be at Dolegelly Castle, could not resist the entreaties of his friend Horatio, and the pressing solicitations of Captain Lonsdale and Lady Isabella, to remain with them till after the funerals of the Dutchess of Inglisfield and Lady Julia Nevil had taken place.

“ I do not, cannot wonder, my dear sir,” said Lady Isabella, “ that you are anxious to remove from a scene where you have suffered so much injury, where you have worn away so many unhappy hours ; but for the sake of her memory, out of respect to her who is so much interested, you, my beloved ever to be lamented Julia, I trust you will stay and see her remains deposited with her husband, unless you wish me to believe you have not yet forgiven my misguided mother, and that your resentment reaches to me.”

Henry pressed the white extended hand of Lady Isabella respectfully to his lips,

besought her to believe that he had no resentments, that all was forgiven, all consigned to oblivion, and that he would cheerfully and readily acquiesce with her wishes. He then retired to write to Sir Owen Llewellyn and Adelina, to detail to them his adventures, and to appoint a time for his return to his now more than ever loved home, and the delightful intercourse of friendship. The bones of the unhappy Horace Nevil were taken up: a hole had been dug in the earth in one of the vaults near the chapel, and his body wrapped in a sheet thrown in. He was now laid in a superb coffin, and the same day saw the remains of the Dutchess of Inglisfield and the two victims of her cruelty committed to the earth, with equal ceremony and with equal state and magnificence.

The same grave received the unfortunate lovers, who though divided in life, in death were united; and their ashes permitted to mingle in the same earth: they were buried near the altar

in the chapel, and an exquisitely wrought white marble cenotaph was erected near them expressive of their loves and their misfortunes. The health of Lady Isabella, always delicate, had received a severe shock in the late melancholy occurrences; and the physicians recommending a change of scene and climate, it was concluded that as soon as they could arrange their affair, they should spend the period of their mourning in Italy, upon which tour it had before been settled that Horatio Delamere should accompany them and he still preserved his intention of visiting the scenes celebrated by his favorite poets. The taste and elegance of Henry's mind led him to wish to be of their party, he would have been delighted to tread classic ground; to have visited the soil that had nourished so many men of genius; his fancy was enraptured with the idea of kneeling at the tomb of Virgil, of lingering under the shades where Petrarch had sighed his unhappy

passion ; where Tasso had waved in melodious verse the christian banner, and Ariosto breathed the wild energies of frenzied love. But gratitude and duty called him to Dolegelly Castle, where Sir Owen Llewellyn demanded his attention, and Adeline, the companion of his childhood, the sister of his heart, expected his presence. The public papers having announced to the world the marriage of Captain Lonsdale to the heiress of Ravenhill Castle, and rejoicings having taken place in the vicinity, visitors continually poured in to see the lovely bride, and congratulate the happy pair on their nuptials. Miss Lonsdale having arrived, and consented to accompany her sister-in-law abroad, Henry conceived that his company could now be dispensed with, and resolved to return to North Wales ; he took a most affectionate leave of Horatio Delamere, with whom he settled a plan of correspondence, and parted from the fair owner of the castle and her husband with mutual sentiments

of respect, esteem, and regret ; different now were his sensations, as the antique towers of Raven-hill and its frowning battlements receded from his view, to what they were when he fled from them. He was now at liberty, feared no pursuit, was journeying to meet those whom gratitude as well as affection gave the highest claims upon his heart ; yet a feeling something like sorrow pervaded his bosom, as he reflected on the circle he was leaving, endeared to his mind as much by their virtues as by the remembrance of the kind attention and the friendship he had experienced from them.

At the first stage that Henry stopped, as he was stepping out of the chaise, he was accosted by a beggar, who in a gruff tone implored his charity, saying “ For God’s sake give a trifle to a disabled seaman, who fought many a battle for my king and country before I lost my precious limb.” There was a tender chord in the heart of Henry, that always vibrated to the voice of misery ; but these

were tones that particularly struck him ; they sounded familiar to his ear. He looked earnestly in the beggar's face, and beheld his old acquaintance Ned Rutlin, whom he thought he had left dying on board the *Ceres*. Henry shook him heartily by the hand, and was beginning to question him respecting his present situation, when perceiving a crowd gathering about them, he turned into the inn and bade Ned follow him.

The dress of poor Ned had seen better days ; it was an old blue jacket and trousers, literally in rags, which, as the weather happened to be windy, blew about in all directions, and displayed his skin, not of the fairest hue, through many of the apertures. As he stumped after Henry, he waved his hat exultingly over his head, huzzaing with all his might—then turning to the crowd with a disdainful look, exclaimed, “ Avast, you lubbers ; weigh anchor and sheer off : none of you had bowels enough to throw a bone to a poor starved dog like me to

pick, but see now the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, takes care of poor Ned! Just as I was going to strike, and sink upon the shoals of mishap; who should come sailing along, but the grandson of a noble lord, yes, you lubbers, he is, and with no more pride than a foremast man, and says, Ned, how are you, shipmate, and shakes me by the fin, just for the world as if I was his equal. You know I have been beating about the Chops of the Channel here, and hoisting signals of distress for these three days, but none of you launched out a stiver to help me—why there is more charity among Turks; but splice my mizen, I shall fetch all up now with a wet sail. The Mortimer for ever, huzza.” Ned again waved his hat in the air, and gave three cheers, which were echoed by the mob, as flourishing his wooden leg he stumped into the Golden Eagle after Henry.

When he had satisfied the cravings of his stomach, which had not known the comforts of a good meal for, many days

with some excellent roast beef, and washed it down with a sufficient quantity of grog, Henry gave him money, and sent him out to get new rigged, as he called it. This business was now accomplished to his entire satisfaction from head to foot, and before Henry had finished his dinner he presented himself before him, in a new blue jacket, striped waistcoat, and blue trowsers; his beard had been taken off, and he had got a new hat. Mess-mate," said he—"no, no, I beg pardon for my boldness—noble young gentleman," at the same time making a low bow, "my canvas, thanks to your bounty, does not shiver in the wind now, but I have not spent all the shot; here is a little left in the locker yet." He then drew out some silver that he had received in change after paying for his clothes; but Henry bade him put it in his pocket, and asked him if he would go with him into Wales, where he would provide for him the rest of his life, "Any where," answered Ned, "through the wide world;" and bursting

into tears, would have fallen at the feet of his benefactor if he had not prevented him. Henry respected the overflowings of a grateful heart ; he pressed his hand cordially, and giving him a glass of wine, told him they would set off immediately. When Ned recovered speech, he said, " I was certainly born in cucumber time, for I am but a watery headed fool ; for when my heart is full it always runs over at my eyes ; though, man my foretop, I have had salt water enough in my time," added he dashed away his tears with his hand ; " but it is enough to break a fellow's heart with joy, to meet such fair weather, and such an anchor to rest upon at last, after having been drove out to sea in such hard gales, and drifting as one may say upon a lea shore all one's life."

During their journey, Henry was informed by his companion that when the *Ceres* arrived at Plymouth he had been put on shore, and that death not having a birth ready for him, he had been suf-

ferred to recover, notwithstanding two doctors had said his death warrant was signed for the other world ; and that a little dirty French privateer had fallen in with the Ceres, and made a prize of her ; and that Anthony Lawson, her gallant commander, was damning the soul of his aunt Nell in a prison, he feared without a whiff of tobacco, or a can of flip to comfort him ; and as for me," continued Ned, " having lost my birth in the Ceres, I could not get a ship, this piece of timber," pointing to his wooden leg, " was such a stumbling block in my way ; well, what was to be done : my money was all run out, my friends looked shy : I could not work, for I was brought up to no trade, I scorned to steal—all I had left for it, was to beg ; and I thought having lost an understander, and found so many scars, I might presume to ask a morsel of bread from that country in whose service I had spent my youth, and spilt my blood : but hold there a bit, I was upon the wrong tack,

no longer pipe no longer dance. Every body remembered the engagement in which I got this scar across my cheek ; they had all heard the name of the gallant commander of the *Agamemnon*, but nobody had heard the name of Ned Ratlin. The newspapers mention the names of the officers, one by one, but the men are all stowed together in a lump, like ballast in the hold. I remember the chaplain of our ship used to bother a great deal about providence, to which I paid no heed, for Tom Capston and I used to laugh and say : “ sink o’ swim, luck is au,” but I find the chaplain was no liar, for providence has taken me in tow at last.”

Overcome with joy, affection, and gratitude, Henry sunk at the feet of Sir Owen Llewellyn, whose emotions as he hugged him to his heart were scarcely less acute than his own. The tender name of father and son issued from their lips, as each gazed upon the other, with eyes animated with delight, but when Ade-

line flew to his arms, when she in the tenderest accents deplored his sufferings ; when she with smiles of pleasure welcomed him to his home, he felt that she was the arbitress of his fate, and that as she directed his future life would be happiness or misery.

She was even more beautiful than Lady Isabella Lonsdale ; her smiles were fascination, and her eyes—but their expression was only to be felt, not described. Henry introduced Ned Ratlin to Sir Owen and Adeline, who were highly entertained with his rough manners and strange expressions, almost all unintelligible to Miss Llewellyn. Sir Owen applauded Henry's patronage of the weather-beaten sailor, and told him his home was now to be Dolegelly Castle ; but when Adeline laid her soft white hand upon his, and told him that it should be her particular pleasure to attend to his comforts, and make him happy, the tears chased one another down his furrowed cheeks, and he sobbed

out, " You are the cherub that Tom Hawser used to sing about, for I am sure nothing belonging to this life can be half so beautiful or good as you."

Ned soon became a general favorite at Dolegelly Castle ; to the servants he told marvellous stories of mermaids, water spouts, and tempests ; with Sir Owen he made fishing nets and lines ; and for Adeline and Henry, he steered the boat when they went by sea to Carnarvon.

The presence of Henry spread a general joy round the neighborhood : at Tudor Hall a grand entertainment was given, and Eliza protested that she did not wonder the old dutchess had fallen in love with him, for that he was positively a divine fellow ; " And as to that amphibious creature, Ned Ratlin," said she, " I think he will yet rival Seymour in my affections."

Henry had much to hear, as well as to relate, and he listened with no little entertainment to Eliza's history of her lovers, and the tricks she had been

obliged to play to get rid of them.— When he had quitted Dolegelly Castle for Cambridge, Eliza Tudor was a pretty little romp—she was still the same, full of frolic, wild and mischievous ; while Adeline, tall and graceful, had improved in loveliness and elegance, inclining to pensiveness : he won upon the heart with irresistible sweetness—her manners were gentle, and her voice soft, touching, and melodious. To the children of want Eliza Tudor would give with cheerful liberality, but she would laugh even while she listened to a tale of sorrow, and find subjects for pleasantry even in the midst of scenes of calamity ; while Adeline, like the angel of pity, a tear trembling in her eye, would not only relieve, but listen to the story of distress, and entering the meanest hovel, console and comfort the afflicted ; thus eminently lovely in person, thus angelic in mind, her father lived but in her smiles ; the domestics of the household, the peasantry round Dolegelly Castle idolized her, and

Ned Ratlin, as her eyes beamed on him the radiance of compassion and kindness, swore that he would die for her, while Henry, the impassioned Henry, as his heart acknowledged the virtues of his disposition, and his senses felt the captivity of her beauty, sighingly confessed, there was nothing worth existing for, except the lovely Adeline Llewellyn.

CHAP. III.

True love declares itself by its respect,
 Fearful it shuns itself, itself it loses.
 A single smile, a look of the beloved,
 Is happiness supreme ; much it desires,
 But little it presumes, and nothing dares.

Dante,

He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid the autumnal wood ;
 Oft was he wont in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the trembling
 flood.

Warton's Suicide.

THE blissful evanescent hours of childhood are always regretted : the mind, disgusted with the depravities and ingratitude of mankind, or worn with sorrow

and adversity, flies from present evils and disappointments to the melancholy solace of reviewing the days that are gone. Memory turns with delight to retrace the tranquil moments when passion slumbering left the unvitiated senses to the full enjoyment of nature, in her most beautiful and innocent forms ; when all was harmony within—when the gay and elastic mind suffered no sorrow to press upon it, but buoyant with hope forgot the trifling vexations of the present in the rapturous contemplation of future happiness.

To such days the sick mind of Henry Mortimer continually reverted ; he remembered with thrilling sensations of delight the times when he had carried Adeline in his arms across the streams that glittered over and intersected the paths in the neighboring woods when he had lifted her over gates and stiles—or ran with her up the sides of the steep mountains, gathered shells and sea-weed with her on the sea-shore, or sat on the

grass in the meadows, and twisted the cowslips, violets, and hedge roses into garlands, with which he decorated her hair, and fantastically adorned her cherub form; and received for his reward unnumbered kisses from her rosy mouth, while her little arms entwined his neck with innocent fondness. Henry recollected these days of happiness with sighs. Adeline was now grown a woman, and though her regard for him was still the same, it was regulated by reserve, by retiring delicacy: she no longer sat on his knee, her arm incircling his neck; she no longer offering him a kiss as a reward for any little service he performed—she no longer permitted him to hold her hand a willing prisoner in his; and while he remembered with regret the innocent freedoms in which but a few, a very few years before he had been indulged, he wished, ah! how sincerely wished, that they were children again.—Yet, though she was continually present to his imagination, though he was miserable in her

absence, and saw none amiable, none lovely in an equal degree with herself, yet he dared not think, presumed not to confess even to himself, that he loved her beyond the calm, the temperate affection of a brother—the only child of Sir Owen Llewellyn might aspire to titled wealth; his mind deeply felt all he owed to the bounty, to the unabating friendship of her father, and he felt it would be a base return for unrequitable obligations; a violation of every grateful and honorable principle, to endeavour to gain the heart of Adeline. No, born to prouder hopes, to brighter prospects, he dared not even hope that she would cherish for him the tender sentiments of love, or bestow the rich treasure of her beauties on him, a dependant on his father's bounty.

Yet, though Henry had silenced every glowing throbbing hope with the stern voice of rigid honour, yet he was not philosopher enough to conquer his feelings. So fascinating an object continually

before his eyes was too much for his susceptible heart ; he lost his appetite and his sleep, while his sunk eye and pale cheek evidently declared all was not tranquil within. Adeline was the first to discover his altered looks; but to her tender inquiries he would answer with a melancholy smile that he was perfectly well.

Things were in this state at Dolegelly Castle, when a family of the name of Montgomery came on a visit to Sir Owen Llewellyn. Mr. Montgomery, of ancient Welch extraction, had made a large fortune in the East Indies, where he had married his lady, whose sole attraction was a pretty face, for the sake of which he had exalted her from a state of servitude to that of a Nabobess. Their family consisted of a son and daughter ; the young man, Mr. Hugh Montgomery, well educated, and tolerably handsome in person ; his sister, plain in face, ungain in figure, superficial, vain, and conceited, but the doating child of her mother,

who considered her as a model of perfection. The young lady had been but a few days at Dolegelly Castle, before she fancied herself violently in love with Henry Mortimer, in which she was encouraged by Eliza Tudor (who had contrived to ingratiate herself into her favor), while her brother had seriously become enamoured of Adeline. To avoid the importunities of Miss Montgomery, who was perpetually teasing him to sing, to play the flute, or provoking him to romp with her, Henry would stroll into the depth of the woods, or climb the rocky eminences, in the hope that whilst his eye beheld the grand and beautiful scenery of nature he should forget the passion that was preying on his heart, and banish the idea that Hugh Montgomery had rendered himself of importance to Adeline. He had marked the assiduous attentions of Mr. Montgomery, he had seen Adeline receive those attentions with smiles of affability—her smiles bestowed on others were poison to his peace. He

wished to fly from remembrance, from her, from himself, but to the deep solitude of the woods her image pursued him. On the tall cliff he saw her radiant in beauty; and her smile, the smile she bestowed on the happy Montgomery, was perpetually present to his fevered imagination.

Mr. Montgomery was fond of fishing, and a very fine trout stream running across a neighboring island, Commodore Ratlin was ordered to prepare the boat for an expedition to Ferramawr, where Sir Owen had built a fishing-house, and where he proposed spending the day. Mrs. Montgomery objected to going in the boat, declaring that she had for ever done with expecting pleasure in jaunts upon the water; she had met with a sickening of sea journeys in coming all the way from the East Indies. It was therefore agreed that Lady Tudor, who was to be of the party, and herself, should proceed in her carriage to the opposite side of the island, where the river

being narrow, they could cross over in a few moments in a small boat.

“Aye, aye, that is right,” said Sir Griffith, who had listened with much seeming satisfaction to Mrs. Montgomery’s arrangement; “had you gone with us, my lady, you would have spoiled all my fun, for if the boat had heeled ever so little to one side you would have fancied yourself going full tilt into the other world, and then what a fuss we should all have been in—a fit or two of the hysterics would have been nothing to it—we should have had such gules of hartshorn, such fumes of assafoetida—”

“Well, if I ever heard the like of you,” said Mrs. Montgomery, priming up her pretty face, and arranging an expensive lace veil: “Why, if Mr. Montgomery was to go on in the strange way you do, Sir Griffith, I would hate the sight of him.”

“O, my dear madam,” replied Lady Tudor, applying her salts to her nose, “Sir Griffith I fancy would be per-

fectly easy on that head ; no man on earth troubles himself less about the preservation of tenderness and affection."

" It is all a parcel of ridiculous nonsense," said Sir Griffith ; " fine bother to talk about tender affections, after having swung in a matrimonial noose for upwards of thirty years. Curse it, my lady, your affectation has worn out my affection ; and as to your fine feelings, you talk indeed a great deal about them, but I believe, like your spasmodic affections, they are only found in your mouth.— Love, my lady, has but a squeamish delicate sort of stomach, and you have poisoned him with valerian and surfeit water ; and as to his wings, poor devil, you have not left him a single feather, for you have plucked every quill to burn under your nose."

" And what, Sir Griffith, may I thank," replied her ladyship, " for having been obliged to have recourse to such odious medicines but your boisterous temper ?"

“ My temper !” rejoined Sir Griffith, “ why every soul in the county knows that there is not in the universe a more peaceable temper than mine ; but your whims and conceits, and fooleries, would provoke the patience of St. David himself : d—n it,” continued he, raising his voice, “ your dressing-room is a garden of physical herbs—your bed-chamber an apothecary’s shop, and as to your stomach it has been a receptacle for more cathartics, carminatives, juleps, narcotics, draughts, pills, bolusses, and potions, than would set up all the quack doctors in christendom.”

“ More is my misfortune,” retorted Lady Tudor ; “ and you in particular ought to compassionate the maladies you have occasioned.”

Sir Griffith burst into a horse laugh.

“ Aye, Sir Griffith,” resumed Lady Tudor, “ you may unfeelingly triumph in the ravages you have made : when I married you I was allowed to be blooming and beautiful.” “ Why to confess

the truth," replied he, "you was fresh and fair; your person was not much amiss." "Yes, Sir Griffith," continued Lady Tudor, bridling; "and besides beauty, which every body allowed I possessed, I had a fine constitution and excellent spirits; but you have destroyed the one and ruined the other.—My health is quite gone, and as to my unhappy nerves...."

"O d—n your nerves," said Sir Griffith, jumping up, "I am off: if once you get upon that everlasting topic, we may give up the idea of going to Terramawr, for I am sure we shall not reach there to-day." Saying this, he bounced out of the room, banging the door with such violence after him, that Mrs. Montgomery, who had been during this dialogue admiring her person in a mirror, started, and turning to Lady Tudor, protested that Sir Griffith was perdigiously vulgar, and so astonishingly boisterous, that he was almost as bad, if not quite, as a tornado in the East Indies.

Lady Tudor apologized, and bewailed her cruel destiny, in being the wife of a man so void of feeling, one on whom the softness and weakness of women made no impression, but only excited derision, and provoked contempt.

They were just stepping into the carriage, when Sir Griffith flew up to Mrs. Montgomery, and pushing a large snuff box into her hand, told her it was true Irish blackguard—no sham, but the real thing.

“ Bless me, Sir Griffith,” replied Mrs. Montgomery. “ What is this for ? I don’t take snuff.” “ Perhaps not,” replied the incorrigible Sir Griffith, “ perhaps not—but Lady Tudor is fond of the blackguard.” “ Me, sir ! I beg—” “ Aye, Lady Tudor, and I beg,” said he, interrupting her, “ that you will not flurry your nerves. My dear madam,” again addressing himself to Mrs. Montgomery, “ you know she has been complaining of her nerves all the morning; now she may have a fit on the road. I

have proved the efficacy of snuff in hysterical cases; you will have nothing to do but cram a good pinch up her nostrils; I warrant it will bring her to her recollection presently;—if you can but once get her to snuff it will do—it is the true Irish blackguard I assure you.”

Mrs. Montgomery threw up her eyes. Lady Tudor, as red as a Turkey cock, ordered the coachman to proceed, and Sir Griffith bawled after Mrs. Montgomery not to spare the snuff. The rest of the party embarked with Commodore Ratlin. The day was remarkably fine—the sun in unclouded radiance beamed from a clear blue sky—the views round Dolegelly Castle were highly picturesque; and as they sailed over the unruffled ocean, the hanging and stupendous cliffs exhibited a variety of shades, whose rough and craggy sides the restless waves had worn into many grotesque excavations. Waving woods, the ruins of castles, magnificent even in desolation, and scattered villages, alternately met their view.

Adeline was pointing out to Mr. Hugh Montgomery, who sat next her, every object worth observance as they past along ; the three elderly gentlemen were discussing a political subject ; Eliza was listening to Ned Ratlin's sea phrases ; and Miss Lucretia Montgomery unblushingly making love to Henry Mortimer, who, burning with jealousy, sat watching Adeline, totally inattentive to the fine speeches Miss Montgomery was addressing to him. After having asked him two or three questions, to which he had made no reply, in an angry and sharp tone she said, " Well, I suppose this is Welch politeness.... I never was so neglected, never treated with such rudeness before."

" Madam," said Henry, roused by her complaints from the reverie into which he had fallen, " of whom do you complain ?" " O Lord, sir," retorted she, " I complain of nobody not I, no indeed ! complain, no truly. I shall not feed

your vanity so much." "My vanity! Miss Montgomery, sure you mistake."

"No, Mr. Mortimer, there is no sort of mistake," replied she, "it is plain enough to see that you suppose yourself somebody—but sure as you may think yourself of my affection——" "Me, madam," said the astonished Henry, "I declare I never presumed—" "Yes, sir, you have presumed," replied she, interrupting him—"have you not squeezed my hand, and have not you looked at me—Lord, sir, I am not such a fool as not to know when a gentleman is making love to me." "I declare," rejoined Henry, "I never entertained such an idea."

"Well then," continued she bridling, "you might have had a worse idea. Miss Montgomery, with a fortune of fifty thousand pounds in cash, besides the worth of as many more thousands in diamonds, the only daughter of an East India nabob, might have been worth an

idea ; but I suppose I am not fair enough : to be sure I have lived under a hotter sun than Miss Llewellyn has, not but what my mamma took care that I should never be exposed even to the air without a veil ; and if I am not as white as a wax candle, why there are as many brown beauties as there are fair ones."

Henry knew not what answer to make to this indelicate speech : he was really so destitute of vanity, that he felt no triumph, no pleasure, in the knowledge of Miss Montgomery's regard. It was evident she expected a reply, but he was so confounded that he was unable to answer her, and fortunately for him Ned Ratlin bawled out, " Heave a head there, we are going to cast anchor."

Henry had involuntarily placed himself by the side of Adeline, and was offering to assist her from the boat, when Mr. Montgomery told him that Miss Llewellyn was his care, and that no doubt Miss Tudor and his sister would be thankful for his attention. " Is this

your wish, Adeline," said Henry, turning his eyes upon her with a glance of impatience and vexation. "O yes, most certainly," replied she, "I wish that you should take care of my friends."

"You shall be obeyed, madam," said he, coldly dropping her hand, and bowing to Mr. Montgomery. "I owe you an apology, sir, for having wished to usurp your rights."

Adeline blushed. Mr. Montgomery looked pleased; and Henry left them to offer his assistance to Eliza Tudor and Miss Montgomery. The boat was hauled within a yard of the shore, a plank was thrown across—Eliza Tudor stood on the edge of the boat, and jumped on land, but Miss Montgomery affecting fear, hung upon Henry, who was obliged to carry her in his arms to shore.

Adeline had accepted the arm of Mr. Montgomery, and they were the first who reached the fishing-house, where Lady Tudor and Mrs. Montgomery had arrived in a most pitiable condition: the

small boat in which they had crossed being leaky, their petticoats were not only wet but so dirty, that Sir Griffith when he saw them advised that they should pull them off and wash them.

Mrs. Montgomery vowed that she never would go upon the water again to be made such a dirty figure—"Only see, Mr. Montgomery, what a pickle I am in—not fit for any body to look at."

The nabob laughed, pitied, and consoled his lady, who vowed her Persian shawl was quite spoilt, for unfortunately the ends had dragged upon the bottom of the boat; and as to her silver muslin robe, she could never put it on her back again.

"La, mamma," said Miss Montgomery, "you bewail your clothes as if you had your wardrobe on your back; sure the loss is not of such great consequence to a person of your fortune."

"True, Lucretia, very true, my dear, but you know it is perdigiously disa-

greeable to be made in such an amazing figure."

"You should have provided against accidents," said Sir Griffith, "by dressing in things you did not care for."

"We need not expect consolation from you I am sure," replied Lady Tudor peevishly: "my feet are as wet as if I had walked through the river: I shall have a sore throat, and perhaps lose the use of my limbs." "I wish you had lost the use of your tongue," rejoined Sir Griffith, "with all my soul; but one seldom hears of any thing happening to disable that member." "Lord, and what could a woman do without a tongue?" said Mrs. Montgomery. "I am sure such weak, delicate, defenceless creatures as we are, need have something to perfect us."

Hugh Montgomery, who always blushed when his mother attempted to speechify, endeavoured to turn the conversation by saying that Sir Owen Llew-

ellyn and Ned Ratlin were already prepared for fishing.

“Aye, so they are,” replied Sir Griffith. “Come, Montgomery, let you and I see if we can take a trout, the ladies no doubt will think them an addition to their dinner.”

Montgomery would have excused himself, saying, “the ladies ought not to be left alone.” “O never fear; five women will not be as mute as fishes, I warrant,” replied Sir Griffith; “they will find a way to entertain themselves no doubt.”

“I love fishing of all things,” said Eliza, springing from her seat. “I shall go and try whether I cannot hook a trout with the best of you. Come, Adeline, come, Miss Montgomery.” Miss Montgomery put her arm through Eliza’s, but Adeline said she would remain with Lady Tudor and Mrs. Montgomery, unless they wished to be of the party. “La yes,” said Mrs. Montgomery; “I should be perdigiously pleased to make one, but only see my train, how

it is drabbled ; and only look at my shoes, what a colour the water has turned them ; to be sure, I am not fit to be looked at by a Hottentot, I am such an amazing figure—and see how my hair hangs, all out of curl, like a pound of candles, just as strait as my finger.”

“ O d—n it,” rejoined Sir Griffith, “ settle it among yourselves ; if I wait here till you are ready to start, I shall lose all the fun. Come along, Montgomery. What the devil you are not tied to your mother’s apron-string are you ?”

Montgomery would have staid to attend the ladies, but Sir Griffith forcibly dragged him away with him. Mrs. Montgomery observed that Sir Griffith was perdigiously rude, and paid no regard to the ladies in the least.

“ O no, madam,” rejoined Eliza, “ my papa is a disciple of the new school, and so far from being rude he is the very essence of good breeding. In your young days no doubt....” “ Young days !” echoed Mrs. Montgomery, “ why dear

me, Miss Tudor, I suppose you think then that I am as old as Mr. Mathuseler in the bible, but I assure you I was only sixteen when Hugh was born, and he was only one and twenty last birth-day."

"Pardon me, madam," said Miss Tudor,

"I had no idea that you were even as old as you say you are. I only meant to

observe, that some years ago I have heard it was fashionable to pay compliments, and be attentive to females; but in the present age of enlightened refinement, the gentlemen seem only to feel for themselves, without the least consideration for the ease or accommodation of the ladies, to whom it is I understand the very height of high breeding, and the true criterion of fashionable manners, to be as rude and inattentive as possible."

"Your father then," exclaimed Lady Tudor, "has reached the acme of perfection in modern tactics, but commend me to a disciple of the old school. I remember when a gentleman would have been ashamed to appear deficient in his

attentions to the ladies ; but heaven defend me, the world is quite altered within a very few years—no politeness, no observance ; and as to Sir Griffith Tudor, but I need not mention him, for every body that knows him will acknowledge, that he is ruder than a Greenland bear.”

“ My father is under infinite obligations to your ladyship,” said Eliza. “ O miss, you are your papa’s own child,” answered Lady Tudor, “ modelled by himself, and from under the hands of such an artist you can be no other than a finished specimen of modern manners.”

During this speech Lady Tudor had been tying on her bonnet and arranging her dress, and Mrs. Montgomery tucking up the train of her silver muslin, and wiping the ends of her elegant Persia shawl ; these important matters being settled, though not to their satisfaction, the ladies set off for the trout stream, where they found all the gentlemen busily employed, except Henry, who was not with the party, and for whom Miss

Montgomery anxiously inquired. They thought Henry had remained to escort them.—“As sure as I live,” said Miss Montgomery, “he is in a fit of the sulks—we had a little tiff in the boat, and he is in his altitudēs.”

Hugh Montgomery looked at his sister, but unabashed she proceeded to say—“that she would find him if he had not drowned himself just to vex her; will you come, Miss Tudor?”

Eliza excused herself on the plea that when a reconciliation took place between parting lovers, it was better the tender scene should take place without witnesses.” Miss Montgomery said she would seek him; her brother called after her. Mrs. Montgomery laughed at what she termed “Lucretia’s liveliness,” and her father was too busily employed in fixing a hook to his line to notice her. Presently they heard her scream out, “There he is, I see him..stop, Mr. Mortimer.” Hugh Montgomery seemed to feel the impropriety of his sister’s con-

duct, and would have followed her, but his mother told him to let Lucretia alone, that she was every way capable of taking care of herself, and that it was perditionally odd he should be so amazingly busy in what no way concerned him; and that for her own part, she did not see no reason why people of fortune were not to please themselves, and not be tied down to mind rules, and prim behavior, just as if they had to work for their living, provided they did no harm; and if Lucretia liked Mr. Mortimer, and Mr. Mortimer was in love with her, why it was nothing so very wonderful. Mr. Mortimer was of a great family, and Lucretia was of a good family too, and would have money enough; and so what objection could there be to their marrying, if they fancied each other.

“None in nature that I know of,” said Sir Owen emphatically, “if they do fancy each other.”

“This is the first syllable that I have heard of it,” said Mr. Montgomery.

Adeline looked with astonishment at her father. Hugh Montgomery was evidently hurt, and Eliza Tudor was obliged to bite her lips and cough, in order to stifle the laugh that struggled to have vent. Sir Griffith swore he was never better pleased than when he heard a wedding was in agitation. Eliza Tudor had caught several fish, and now protested that she was so hungry that she must go and hurry the preparations for dinner. She took the arm of Adeline, and as they walked away together, they perceived at a little distance Miss Montgomery and Henry Mortimer in earnest conversation. "Well," said Adeline, "if this should really be a match, I shall consider it as wonderful."

Eliza laughed, and looking archly in her friend's face said, "You know it never will."

"I know!" replied Miss Llewellyn; "and pray, my dear Eliza, how long have I been gifted with prescience?"

Eliza laughingly told her she was either the greatest hypocrite or the most innocent creature in existence.

“Acquit me, I beseech you, of hypocrisy,” said Adeline, “and let my innocence understand you.”

“What !” replied Eliza, “will you pretend not to know that your brother Henry is desperately in love with his sister, Adeline ?”

“Pshaw ! this is downright nonsense,” said Adeline. “Very true—spoke like a sensible girl—love is all nonsense, and I wonder for my part how a clever young man like Henry Mortimer has fallen into this folly ; but,” continued Eliza, “I fancy Miss Montgomery’s passion for him may find a cure by being directed to a more susceptible object, one upon whom her money, her diamonds, and expectations, may have some effect ; for as to Henry Mortimer, if she had all the wealth of the Indies at her own command, I suspect he

would prefer Adeline Llewellyn before her.”

When the company met at dinner, which was spread under some large trees, near the fishing-house, Henry appeared unusually thoughtful, and complained of a violent headache, which he mentioned as an excuse for his apparent rudeness in absenting himself from the company. Miss Montgomery was evidently displeased. Sir Griffith threw out hints, which though meant at himself, Henry erroneously concluded were allusions to the intended marriage of Adeline and Hugh Montgomery, whom he envied, hated, execrated, and wished happy in the same moment, so strangely mingled are the feelings of the human heart, when agonized with love, inflamed by jealousy, and tortured with disappointment.

Sir Owen Llewellyn and the elder Montgomery were, aided by Sir Griffith, laying down plans for the improvement of an estate the nabob had purchased in

the vicinity. Mrs. Montgomery was explaining at large to Lady Tudor the manner in which she designed to furnish her house, which was spacious and elegant, and every now and then referring to her dear Lucretia, who she said had a prodigious fine taste in fancying furniture and decorations.

Miss Montgomery was, however, too full of spleen to oblige her mother with any help on this occasion, who smiling said she supposed Lucretia had an intention to keep all her taste for the ornamenting her own house, and did not wish to display it on her's. Miss Montgomery pettishly replied, that some folks did not know their own minds, and therefore other folks did not know when they might have a house of their own to decorate. "But you know, mamma, these sort of things are so natural to me, that they require very little if any consideration. I suppose Hugh may require some of my taste before I shall want it exerted for myself."

“ I do not know on what occasion,” replied her brother.

“ Lord,” said Lucretia, tossing her head, “ I believe it is become quite fashionable for men to give themselves airs, and deny what their actions and looks have given proper reason to suppose ; but I dare say if you, brother, think proper to follow other folks in their ways, Miss Llewellyn, no more than myself, won’t break her heart.”

Henry started up and flew from the table ; Adeline blushed scarlet deep.— Hugh Montgomery was covered with confusion, while the inquiring eyes of Sir Owen Llewellyn, fixed on his daughter, seemed to ask an explanation of what he had just heard. The nabob, whose whole ideas were ingrossed by the good things of this life, had paid attention to his bottle only ; he had been indefatigable in getting money till he considered himself sufficiently rich (a point of wisdom few men arrive at), and further than indulging himself in the plea-

sures of the table, he seldom interfered, leaving it to his wife to bring up his daughter as she judged most proper.— His son had been educated by an uncle, whose estate he inherited; by him therefore Miss Lucretia's delicate speech had passed unnoticed entirely, had not Sir Griffith taken it up by slapping Hugh on the shoulder, and asking him whether he did not think marrying and hanging went by destiny.

Eliza Tudor felt for Adeline; she feared her father would say something that would hurt the feelings of her friend, she therefore asked if any body would run a race with her. Lady Tudor frowned, and said Eliza would always be a romp. Sir Griffith replied he loved romps, and asked who would accept her challenge. Glad of an occasion to depart, Hugh Montgomery started up, and said he would try to out-run Miss Tudor. In an instant they set off, and Eliza flying like the wind, soon outstripped Hugh Montgomery; but what was her

surprise when she reached the large tree, their destined goal, to find Henry Mortimer stretched at its root, so utterly unconscious of external objects, that she had spoke to him twice before he was sensible of her presence: he rose from the earth in some embarrassment, complained of his head, and asked if they were thinking of returning home. The rest of the party had followed to see Eliza's triumph, who, turning to Hugh Montgomery, said:—

“ You must not pretend to run with me: forsooth, see the vanity of men.”
 “ I fear,” replied he, in a whisper; “ mine is fated to be humbled in more instances besides this.”

Lady Tudor, seating herself on the root of the tree, declared that she was quite fatigued. Sir Griffith observed Eliza was as fleet as a greyhound, and would have outran the famous Atalanta herself.

“ D—n it, my lady,” said he, walking

up to Lady Tudor, "what pretty animal is that you have got in your lap?" Miss Montgomery shrieked out:—"O Lord! it is a nasty filthy frog." Lady Tudor and Mrs. Montgomery screamed in concert; while the poor little creature who had occasioned this alarm hopped away more frightened than themselves. Lady Tudor had an hysteric: Sir Griffith laughed immoderately, and stood looking on and enjoying the bustle, while all the party were busily employed in fetching water, applying smelling bottles, and chafing the hands and temples of Lady Tudor, who, when recovered, protested that her nerves had undergone such a shock that she should not be herself for a month.

"I hope it will confine you to your chamber," rejoined Sir Griffith, "for then I shall be released for four weeks from the doleful history of your complaints: now, who the devil, Lady Tudor, would look at your person, and you

healthy looking face, and suppose you were such a cursed fool as to pretend to fall in fits at the sight of a poor harmless frog? Why d—n it you look able to assist Hercules in his labors—and to hear you talk about your weak nerves—upon my soul it is too ridiculous.”

Lady Tudor, swelling with indignation, told Sir Griffith he was a brute, and she had no doubt but he put the frog in her lap on purpose to frighten her, because he knew her abhorrence of all reptiles.

“ Yes, my lady, but a frog is not a reptile.” “ I don’t care whether it is or not,” replied Lady Tudor; “ you are—” “ D—n it, Winefred, I know I am the best humored fellow in the world; if I was not, you would have laid me under the turf long ago. But I fancy we had better be off, for I see a storm brewing above, as well as this below.” “ A storm,” echoed Miss Montgomery. “ O, for heaven sake, Lady Tudor, let us go, I am so perdigiously alarmed at

storms : you have no notion—la, I would not be on the water in that little boat if it should thunder for the world.” “ We had better begone then before the storm comes on,” said Sir Owen.

And he went instantly to give orders for their departure. Mrs. Montgomery would have persuaded her daughter to have taken the third place in her chariot, but this she declined ; it was then offered to Adeline and Miss Tudor, but they also preferred the boat. In a few moments Mrs. Montgomery and Lady Tudor were rowed across the narrow part of the river, and entering the carriage, were out of sight before the rest of the party embarked, who were not above a mile from the shore when the prognosticated storm came on. There was a small cabin, and to this the ladies hurried, for the lightning had frightened them from deck ; here, however, the motion appeared more violent, and the closeness of the place had such an effect on Adeline, that she was unable to venture

again in the open air. Henry had stood watching the vivid coruscations, and listening to the thunder as it rolled awfully along the sky, now veiled in black and heavy clouds, and thinking of the night in Raven-hill Castle, when he had waited for the appearance of Lady Julia Nevil.

“ Was I then miserable ? ” said he to himself ; “ did I think any thing was necessary to my happiness, except liberty ? How vain are our thoughts, how wild our expectations : misery borrows all its pangs from comparison, happiness all its joys—is my heart more tranquil, more satisfied now ? ”

His thoughts were interrupted by the soft voice of Adeline, inquiring of Ned Ratlin if there was any danger.

“ No, miss, no danger at all,” replied he : “ we have a tight boat and plenty of sea room ; don’t be frightened at this cap full of wind.”

Henry now took the hand of Adeline, which trembled in his, and seating her

beside him, threw his arm round her ; while, in order to escape the sight of the lightning, her face reclined on his shoulder. Henry's heart beat tumultuously ; his arm encircled the woman he adored ; his cheek felt her balmy breath ; it was a moment of feeling, when the soul, alive to all the finer emotions of spirit, forgets every thing but the object of its adoration. The storm, the agitated ocean, were no more recollected ; Adeline was his world, and in her centered all his hopes and wishes.

“ Henry, my dear, would to heaven we were safe at home,” murmured Adeline, clinging closer to him, as a louder clash of thunder seemed to burst the clouds above their heads. Henry felt the quick palpitations of her heart : this was not a moment to investigate whether the motive of its throbbing was love or fear ; her heart seemed to beat responsive to his : could Henry wish to be at home, to resign the exquisite pleasure of enfolding all he loved. O no, he blessed

the storm ; the thunder was to him the music of the spheres ; the lightning that glanced along the foaming waves, the wind that rattled in the shrouds, were viewed and heard by him with sensations of rapture. His arm entwined the waist of Adeline ; his hand held her's ; it declined not his tender pressures ; she averted not her cheek from his, while he whispered assurance of safety.

A large case bottle, which had been put in a locker contiguous to the cabin, unfortunately, not well secured, fell from its station to the floor, with so violent a crash, that supposing some dreadful disaster had happened, and that the boat was sinking, Eliza and Miss Montgomery rushed upon deck ; Adeline alarmed also by the noise and screams of her friends started from the shoulder of Henry, and in a voice of terror inquired what was the matter. The gentlemen also crowded to the helm to learn the subject of alarm.

“ Shiver my mizen,” said Ned, “ I am

sorry the brandy bottle has split ; no splicing that together ; gone to pieces at last, and lost all the cargo. Avast there to larboard, don't you see how the boat heels ; we shall be upset if we don't keep to quarters."

Henry again took the hand of Adeline, and seating her, resumed his former position.

"Yonder," said he, "are lights ; they gleam from the windows of Dolegelly Castle ; a short time will deprive me of the happiness I now enjoy ; and I shall be obliged to resign you to Mr. Montgomery." "And he," replied Miss Montgomery, who had contrived in the bustle to place herself next Henry, and had (both being tall) been mistaken by him for Adeline, "he will have no objection I am sure to my pleasing myself." "Good God !" said Henry, dropping her hand, and moving his arm from her waist : "Miss Montgomery !"

"Yes, sir, Miss Montgomery ; dear me you appear surprised." "I am in-

deed," replied he ; " after the explanation of this morning, I did not suppose—" Henry stopped. " You may as well proceed," said she ; " I understand you." " Then it cannot be necessary for me to say any thing more," added Henry, walking away. " You are an insensible creature," said she, " and have no heart at all." " You are right," replied Henry, " I have no heart ; but call me not insensible ; I feel——" " I would not give a fig for people to feel," rejoined Lucretia, " if they don't feel for me, and I am sure you are insensible, for I have told you plain enough."

" Spare me the pain, the misery of appearing ungrateful," said Henry ; " may you be happy with some man who may be sensible of your generosity, who may be able to make you the return you wish : I confess it is not in my power." " Lord bless me, my papa and mamma have often told me that money would purchase every thing," said Lucretia ; " but they are not so wise as I thought them, for

my money seems nothing in your eyes.” “ And would you not despise the man,” asked Henry, “ to whom your money was an attraction?” “ Lord ! no,” said she: “ if I liked him, what difference could it make to me whether he married me for the love of my person or my cash.”

Henry made no reply, for Ned Ratlin had brought the boat close to shore, and told them they had better land there, than venture lower down where some ugly rocks shelved out into the water. In stepping from the boat, Adeline’s foot slipped, and she would have fallen into the sea, but for Henry, who, standing to see her safe on shore, fortunately caught her in his arms : though thus providentially saved, she had not escaped unhurt ; she had twisted her ankle, and was unable to walk. Sir Owen was for sending for the carriage, but Henry, taking her up in his arms, insisted upon carrying her home, urging the probability of her taking cold from waiting in the air for the

carriage ; besides, it was likely that the storm would end with rain. Mr. Hugh Montgomery offered to share the honor of carrying Miss Lewellyn with Henry, but this he declined, observing that he was used to the delightful office, having carried her many times.

“ Yes, dear Henry, but I was not then so heavy.” “ Nor I so strong,” replied he, proceeding with alacrity. Miss Tudor and Miss Montgomery each took an arm of Hugh Montgomery, who was no more pleased with Henry having the privilege of carrying Miss Lewellyn than his sister was with her being carried ; and who believed she was not hurt bad, but only shammed a sprained ankle for the purpose of throwing herself into the arms of Henry Mortimer. Henry never halted till he had placed his lovely burthen on a sofa in her dressing-room, at Dolegelly Castle ; who to his tender inquiries confessed she was in great pain, but trusted that the next day she should be able to walk. Henry tenderly kissed

her hand, and left her to the care of Eliza Tudor and the house-keeper, who was skilful in sprains and bruises, and who was besides the maker of an infallible embrocation.

CHAP. IV.

This life is but a chequered scene of
Disappointments.

It is not he that most deserves shall be
Most happy.

Ignorant wealth shall proudly sit in state,
While indigent merit, alas ! too oft
Must humbly bend the knee, and doff the cap
To Fortune's silly favorites.

A. I. H:

DURING Adeline's confinement, which, contrary to her opinion, lasted for more than a week, Mr. Hugh Montgomery, with the entire approbation and concurrence of his parents, explained to Sir Owen Lewellyn the passion he enter-

tained for his fair daughter, and requested his permission to address her as a lover, and respectfully solicited his influence in favor of his suit. "On that point, my much esteemed young friend," said Sir Owen, "you must excuse me: you have my cheerful and most hearty assent in this affair, together with my warm and cordial wishes for your success; but I will never attempt to influence the inclinations of my daughter or use the authority of a parent in so momentous a business—woo her, my friend, and win her: if you are the object of her choice, be assured I shall feel most sincerely happy to call you son." Availing himself of the worthy baronet's permission, the first day that Adeline left her apartment was the last of Hugh Montgomery's hopes: he declared the affection with which she had inspired him, in the tenderest and most respectful terms and was gently yet decidedly rejected. The mind of Hugh Montgomery was sensible and delicate; he forbore to urge a suit

which he found was disagreeable, but he felt the disappointment of his hopes acutely, while his intrepid sister, undaunted by Henry's evident contempt, unrestrained by his coolness, unabashed by his repulses, declared unblushing to her mother that her affections were so deeply so unalterably fixed on Mr. Mortimer, that if she had not him for a husband, she would never, no, never, marry at all. "What," said Mrs. Montgomery, "you, Lucretia, you die an old maid, you ! why, child, this will be most perdigiously odd ; why we never had a maid in the family yet—what, you sit behind hell gates to mend bachelors' breeches. Oh ! dear, dear, this must never be, you die an old maid with your beauty and fortune !" "What signifies beauty," cried Lucretia viewing herself in the glass, or what signifies fortune if it won't buy what one wishes for ; my fortune will soon be enjoyed by somebody more happy," added she affecting to weep, "for it is not likely that I shall long

survive my cruel disappointment : no, no, my fond, my too susceptible heart is almost broken : my peace is destroyed, and my health is already beginning to fail."

Mrs. Montgomery's maternal feelings were shocked and alarmed at this pathetic speech of her daughter's, whom she fondly loved, and foolishly indulged : to the sobbing Lucretia she promised to spare no efforts towards facilitating her wishes, and procuring her happiness, and wondered that any man could be so amazingly stupid as to be blind and indifferent to her charms : " However, dry your beautiful eyes, my lovely Lucretia," continued Mrs. Montgomery, " I will have a little talk with Mr. Mortimer upon this subject : I will endeavor to convince him how mad and out of the way he is, to neglect his own interest in such a foolish nonsensical manner, by not being proud and happy to think, that a nabob's daughter, a young lady of Miss Montgomery's beauty, accomplishments, and

great fortin, is ready to bestow that and all her charms on him—dry your sweet eyes, my darling Lucretia; I dare say I shall bring him to his wits: I shall soon teach him to understand on which side his bread is buttered, I warrant you.” While this conversation was passing, Miss Montgomery saw Henry making towards a temple at the end of the pleasure-ground facing her dressing-room window. “ See there he goes, the charming, ungrateful insensible !” exclaimed Lucretia : “ he shall, he must be my husband, or I shall die.” God forbid,” said her mother ; “ God forbid you should die for the sake of a man ! I will see,” continued she, snatching up her veil and throwing it over her head, “ I will see what he is made of immediately : I will go after him, and do you, my darling, compose your spirits—do, my love, try to be easy ; I will reason the matter, and argufy it with him, and no fear but my elerquence will convince him that a man may gape, and gape, and stretch his jaws many times afore fortin drops into his mouth.” Smiling

at her own wit, she kissed Lucretia, bade her pray for good luck, and left her to watch from the window her steps to the temple, in hopes she would indeed convince Henry of the extreme folly of steeling his heart against the brilliant charms of fifty thousand pounds, and refusing a hand laden with the rich offerings of pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. Montgomery mounted the steps that led to the temple in great haste, having arranged to her own entire satisfaction a piece of unequalled oratory, with which she intended to subdue the obdurate heart and subjugate the feelings of Henry Mortimer.

Panting for breath, as well from the haste with which she had walked as the agitation of her spirits, she threw herself on the marble bench beside him, and seizing his hand, said, " Well, dear me only see how fortunate I am to find you here all alone ; I might have sought a hundred times for such another lucky opportunity, and have missed it." " Have

you any commands, madam, to honor me with?" said Henry rising and bowing, surprised at her hurried manner and strange address. "Commands!" echoed Mrs. Montgomery, "no, no, my dearest Mr. Mortimer, not commands. I am comed here on purpose to persuade, to beseech, to represent, to advise, to lay before you, to reason, to convince, to demonstrate—" "What in the name of heaven!" said Henry, losing patience and hastily cutting the thread of her eloquence. "What indeed," replied Mrs. Montgomery; "but you male creatures are so perdigiously masculine, so robustous; but, dear Mr. Mortimer, pity, compassionate my deplorable situation. I am rich enough, not yet very old; and people say I am tolerably handsome; yes, yes, all the world, my dear sir, knows that I have every thing that fortin can buy—but yet, my dear Mr. Mortimer, there are indulgences, there are tender wants, sir, that do not so much depend on money, as on other people's inclinations."

Henry started ; he doubted whether he heard aright : when bursting into tears she pressed his hand, and added, “ Indeed, my dear sir, I am very unhappy, perdigiously miserable I do assure you.” Henry was embarrassed, and in a confused voice ; stammered out “ I am extremely sorry.” “ Are you sorry indeed ?” said Mrs. Montgomery, wiping her eyes with her lace veil ; “ well now that is amazingly civil and obliging ; sit down then beside me, and I will tell you all my trouble.”

Henry resumed his seat on the marble bench, while she, drawing nearer to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder, continued, “ Laws, now I always said you was a goodnatured creature as ever lived, pertickerly to the fair sex ; and if you are so sorry for me as you say, you will I am sure oblige, and make me happy by doing me the favor.” “ Madam !” exclaimed Henry still more astonished. “ You must be sensible that a female must suffer a great deal before she can

bring herself to speak her mind in downright plain terms; and a man of sense and feeling," continued Mrs. Montgomery, squeezing his hand, "a man of feeling will spare her blushes, when he knows how much her heart is inclined in his favor."

Mrs. Montgomery was still handsome; her eyes were yet brilliant, and her complexion fresh. Henry was young and sensitive; her arm rested on his shoulder, and her face was turned invitingly towards him: they were alone; her conversation had been sufficiently encouraging: his pulse beat quick—his blood rushed with velocity through his veins: for a moment yielding to the power of temptation, he was on the point of snatching her to his arms: but recollecting that she was the guest of Sir Owen Llewellyn, and a married woman, he blushed to think that he had even in idea yielded to temptation; and after a pause of a few minutes he attempted to speak: "Do not interrupt me," resumed Mrs.

Montgomery, “but let me tell you in plain English what I expect, and what I want.”

Astonishing effrontery thought Henry. “You must be very sensible, Mr. Mortimer, that my husband, the Nabob, regards you with an eye of the greatest kindness, that my son Mr. Hugh Montgomery has a most perdigious esteem, sir, for you ; and oh ! my dear, dear Mr. Mortimer, you have no kind of notion, no idea of the amazing regard I entertain for you.” “You do me too much honor, madam,” said Henry, every instant more abashed, and astonished at what he considered her unprecedented assurance. “Honor ! fiddlestick,” continued Mrs. Montgomery, “no honor at all : but sit down and answer me,” for he was again rising : “sit still I say, and listen to me ; what signifies or argues all our regard for you, if you are resolved to slight and throw cold water upon the passion I come to offer you ? if you are determined cruelly and barba-

rously to break my poor fond heart, to send me to the grave with grief and disappointment? Oh! Mr. Mortimer, consider, sir, reflect before it is too late, what an amazingly terrification thing it will be, to have my death lying like a great log upon your conscience." "Good God!" thought Henry, "the woman is certainly possessed."

Again he attempted to rise with the intention of quitting the temple, but hanging upon him she began to weep, and represent the advantages that would necessarily accrue to him by obliging her.

"Is it so difficult," said she sobbing, "to comply with my desires? Cannot my tears move you to consent to my wishes?"

Henry was no more than man: honor and inclination were combatting in his bosom:—the conflict was fierce, but honor triumphed, and he replied, "I trust, madam, that no arguments, however eloquent, will have power to induce me to commit a dishonorable action; pray

retire to the house and compose yourself, or suffer me to leave you." "Not till I have softened your hard heart in my favor," answered Mrs. Montgomery: "if you knew how many nights thinking of you has kept me waking, how I have turned and tossed, and tumbled about my bed, while Mr. Montgomery has been comfortably snoring beside me, and never dreaming of my uneasiness—surely, surely you are not made of marble, you are not fixed in the cruel resolve to make me quite miserable." "I should lament, were I the cause of misery to any one," replied Henry; "but think, madam, how your reputation would suffer, were you to be seen in your present situation: what in particular would your husband Mr. Montgomery say?"

"Why he, tender hearted soul as he is, he would say your heart was harder than iron. Mr. Montgomery has sense, and is never so pleased and happy as when his friends oblige me; he considers it a kindness done to himself. But lord,

I don't want to talk about my husband, I have one still nearer my heart than him I assure you ; but do, my dear Mr. Mortimer, I beseech you, do me this favor, only make me happy in this one wish, and you shall always find me the kindest, fondest—I will seek continual opportunities to——”

“ This is too much, madam,” said Henry, breaking from her grasp, “ I am not formed of stone, and surely I must be more or less than man to stand this.”

In a moment Mrs. Montgomery was on her knees before him: “ Can you,” said she weeping violently, “ can you *seduce* me to this *perdigiously* disagreeable situation? can you refuse my request, will you have the heart to deny me?” Henry would have fled, but she held by the skirts of his coat. “ Oh !” said she, continuing to weep, “ that it should ever be my hard *fortin* to ask a favor of a man and be refused. Comply with my wishes, and Mr. Montgomery's wealth, all he has in the world, shall be

at your command." "How mean, how contemptible must you think me," said Henry, disdainfully endeavoring to disengage himself from her hold. "I beseech you, madam, spare yourself the trouble, and me the disgrace of listening to such degrading proposals." "Mighty fine ! mighty pretty, truly !" said the disappointed Mrs. Montgomery ; "I admire you *perdigiously* for your lofty airs and *ideras* ! a vastly fine joke indeed, for a man without nothing at all to *partend* to call it a disgrace to be offered a fine handsome woman, and a thumping large *fortin* into the bargain. But my dear Mr. Mortimer, you will I know consent, you will not be so hard-hearted, so amazingly unkind, as to disappoint my hopes, when I came here for no other purpose in the world than to gratify you and myself, and to make us both happy : only say the word, and I will open my arms to receive you."

"He must first strike through my heart," said Hugh Montgomery, rushing

between them, with a face inflamed with rage, and limbs trembling with passion :
 “ rise, unhappy woman, whom I blush to call mother ; are you lost to all shame, quite dead to honor, entirely forgetful of your sex’s delicacy ? Rise from that degrading posture, and feel a little, if you have any except infamous sensations, for the disgrace you have brought upon your family.” “ Disgrace ! a fiddlestick’s end,” said Mrs. Montgomery, rising from her knees, “ it is a most *perdigiously* amazing thing, Hugh Montgomery, that you must always be interfering and meddling, and putting in your oar, and *discomfiting* my schemes. Dear Mr. Mortimer, will you comply with my desires, will you do me the favor ? ”

“ Gracious providence ! ” exclaimed Hugh Montgomery, blushing, and turning pale alternately, “ I heard enough to make me miserable for ever before I entered....but are you indeed so infamous, so absolutely shameless, as to re-

new your solicitations even before my face ?”

“ Leave the place, sir,” replied Mrs. Montgomery, darting on him a look of anger ; “ leave the place this instant—before your face indeed ! the world is come to a fine pass truly, if children are to learn their parents what is proper and what is not. I see nothing so infamous, not I, in trying to persuade a man to his own good.” “ My good !” exclaimed Henry, “ my good !” “ Yes, sir, your good,” rejoined Mrs. Montgomery ; “ though the affair would give me much pleasure, I think, would you consent, your’s would certainly be the greatest.”

“ Mother ! mother !” cried Hugh Montgomery, “ do not make me curse my existence: you are certainly mad.” “ Then boy I wish you were tame,” replied she ; “ I know well enough what I am saying, and I beg you will be gone, or hold your tongue. But, indeed, Mr. Mortimer, had you made me happy by

consenting to receive the hand of my sweet lovely Lucretia, I think, sir, it could not but have conferred happiness on you; and if it had not been for this impertinent boy, I have no doubt but you would have seen your own interest: as soon as I had explained to you what I meant, you would have yielded to my wishes."

Hugh Montgomery, though relieved from a load of anguish by this explanation, yet felt hurt and mortified at his mother's ignorance and indelicacy, while Henry, scarcely able to keep his countenance, as he reflected on the way in which he had interpreted her agitation, and urgent solicitude, could only reply. "Me marry Miss Montgomery!"

"Yes, sir, my poor girl is quite miserable on your account," replied Mrs. Montgomery; "and her misery is my misery, Mr. Mortimer, for how in the world, sir, can I feel a moment's happiness while I see the beautiful bloom fading from her cheeks, and see her, as the

poet says, *sitting like Mrs. Patience on emolument, and smiling at grief?* How can I know, I say, that love for you will soon make her as white as horse raddish, and not feel for her sufferings? My darling girl, she does nothing but weep and lament; and how is it possible for her fond doating mother to see her in this deplorable situation, and not plead for her—is not her happiness my happiness?”

“Absurd and ridiculous,” said Hugh Montgomery, “I am ashamed, hurt to the soul to hear your folly. Go, madam, go, return to the lovesick Lucretia, who I will venture to prophesy will not break her heart at Mr. Mortimer’s refusal; tell her when women condescend to woo men always are insensible. Phsaw! it is inverting the order of nature. Come, Mortimer, will you walk?”

“Not till he gives me a consoling answer to carry to poor Lucretia,” said Mrs. Montgomery, placing herself before the entrance; “not till he sends by

me some words of comfort to raise her drooping spirits."

"I am grieved, madam," replied Henry, modestly, "that it is out of my power to accede to your wishes. I feel honored, grateful for the distinction with which Miss Montgomery flatters me, but the affections are not to be influenced or commanded. I most sincerely lament that gratitude is all I can offer in return for her, and your generous intentions in my favor." "And so you refuse Miss Montgomery, the daughter of an East-India nabob, with a *fortin* large enough to buy all Wales?"

"I beg, madam, you will allow me to pass," said Henry, perceiving by her voice and manner that she was much enraged. Hugh Montgomery took her hand, and would have led her from the temple, but advancing up to Henry, who stood near the window, she continued: "You, I say refuse, you who are living here, as it were, on Sir Owen Llewellyn's charity." "Madam!" said

Henry, his cheek crimsoned with indignation. "Monstrous!" interrupted Hugh Montgomery, hurrying Henry down the steps of the temple, "for shame, for shame! I blush to call you mother."

"Blush, or not blush," hawled the incorrigible Mrs. Montgomery, "he I am sure ought to be ashamed to eat other people's bread, and refuse the means when they are offered him of buying it for himself."

Mortified at her ill success, and loudly railing against Henry's prodigious obstinacy, she returned to her daughter, who received the intelligence of her disappointment with the coarsest expressions of ill-humour, declaring that she would not stay another week at that hateful, gloomy hole, Dolegelly Castle: that she knew well enough that Miss Llewellyn, that tall, ugly, awkward may-pole, had contrived by her arts to inveigle the affections of Henry Mortimer, fool as he was, and that for her sake he overlooked her superior charms. Instigated by her

daughter, Mrs. Montgomery hired servants immediately, and had Glenwyn Priory put in order to receive them. As their presence was in spite of all endeavors at concealment evidently unpleasant to Henry, who spent the largest portion of every day in wandering along the sea-shore, or among the mountains, Sir Owen and Adeline did not oppose their departure, but received their parting adieus with much satisfaction, in the hope that being released from the tender importunities of Miss Montgomery, and the irksome solicitations of her mother, Henry would again be the life of their parties, and that Dolegelly Castle would have charms to win him from pondering overmeandering streams, and sitting under the shade of melancholy boughs.

In furnishing and ornamenting Glenwyn Priory, Mrs. and Miss Montgomery forgot their recent mortifying disappointments ; while Hugh, though he rejoiced that they were removed from a scene where their follies had appeared

but too conspicuous, and happy to find that employment had detached his sister's mind from dwelling on a fanciful passion, which had rendered both her own and her mother's conduct not only highly ridiculous, but actually shameful, was yet fated to undergo the mortification of seeing the noble and beautiful structure they inhabited converted by the strange whims and out of the way fancies of his mother and sister into a residence neither fit for Christian, Pagan, nor Turk to inhabit.

In one apartment, heavy Egyptian furniture, with light fanciful Grecian adornments, exhibited a superfluity of wealth, and a poverty of taste; while the strange and ill-judged assemblage of colours, the confused jumble of metal and marble, of painting, glass, and statuary, seemed as if the fertile brain of invention had been racked and tortured to produce a ridiculous display of unmeaning profusion and tawdry affluence.

Within half a mile of the Priory lived

a Mr. Jenkins with his maiden sister and niece. Mr. Jenkins had amassed a good fortune, and retired from the labors of trade to enjoy the comforts of ease and independence : a younger sister of his, caught by a handsome exterior, had privately united herself to the son of a baronet, whose dread of his family had obliged him to keep it a secret.

Mr. Percival was of a gay turn, and on the death of his wife, which happened a few weeks after his daughter was born, he entirely dropped all correspondence with his brother-in-law Mr. Jenkins, though he was mean enough to leave his child to the care of, and entirely dependent on that trader, whose situation in life his pride despised.

Rosa Percival was not beautiful, but there was an expression in her features, a gentleness in her manners, a melody in her voice, that won upon the heart of feeling : there was also a diffidence, a tender melancholy about her, not so much the impression or character of nature, as the

depression of conscious dependence, that made her interesting to the soul of sensibility.

Miss Jenkins was a maiden of forty, who wished to pass for five and twenty; she was tall, had good teeth, a sharp nose, and dark bold-looking eyes; she possessed a great deal of confidence, together with a wonderful good opinion of herself, was deeply learned in the private history of every family in the neighbourhood, delighted in retailing scandalous anecdotes, though in the early part of her life she had not escaped censure; and some stories were yet remembered, and repeated by those to whom her haughty airs and unbounded licence of speech had rendered her obnoxious, that flatly contradicted her asseverations of maiden modesty, and virgin innocence. Miss Jenkins made a proud boast of the many suitors she had rejected, the thousands of love-letters she had returned unopened; and always concluded these recitals with her determination of spending her days in

happy celibacy, though she was at indefatigable pains by the rolling of her large eyes, and her marked attentions and flirtations with all the young men whom chance threw in her way, to secure to herself an adorer ; but alas ! the only one who had any serious intentions towards her was a person nearly twenty years older than herself, a quiet plain meaning man, who had also retired from trade with a handsome income, and who, in consideration of her property, was turning it over in his mind, whether he should not make her his wife, notwithstanding he was perfectly well acquainted with her malevolent heart, and tyrannical temper, which he knew had from her very earliest years made her the terror and detestation of all who had the misfortune to be acquainted with her.

Mr. Thomas Williams was a widower, who had for many years successfully followed the occupation of a shoe-maker, from which he had retired with a good fortune. He had two sons, whom he had

placed out in the world in situations to get their own living.

The family of the Jenkins and Mr. Williams were among the first to pay their respects at Glenwyn Priory, where Miss Jenkins no sooner saw Hugh Montgomery, than she thought he would be a much more desirable match than Mr. Williams; but Hugh saw enough in the mild interesting Rosa to render him totally insensible to the bold advances of her aunt, whose age he thought made her a more proper companion for his mother.

Eliza Tudor, whose passion for the ridiculous, and whose fondness for mischief had induced her to accept an invitation from Miss Montgomery, was at Glenwyn Priory when the Jenkins were first introduced, and beheld with delight the gaping wonder and vulgar astonishment they expressed, while viewing and handling the ill-chosen adornments and tasteless magnificence that crowding upon each other encumbered every apartment;

but above all she anticipated the pleasure of becoming Miss Jenkins's rival, by shaking the allegiance of Mr. Williams, whom his termagant mistress seemed happy to announce to every body, as the willing captive to her charms and graces.

Eliza would have felt happy, could she have prevailed on Hugh Montgomery to aid her in her design of tormenting the old maid ; but he was of a temper too amiable, a disposition too grave to enter into the spirit of mischief ; she was therefore obliged though unwillingly to plan [and execute herself, nor was it long before she commenced her operations. Having witnessed some high airs played off about nothing by Miss Jenkins upon her admirer, who appeared not a little disconcerted at her conduct, she began by taking up his side of the argument, protesting to Miss Jenkins that she thought she exacted far too much when she expected an implicit acquiescence in all her requisitions.

“ I expect,” said Miss Jenkins, drawing up her scraggy neck, “ I expect most certainly, Miss Tudor, to have my own way on every occasion, and never to meet opposition or contradiction; for if a man takes the liberty of presuming to have an opinion of his own before marriage, and while he pretends to sue for favor, why what can a woman hope for, if she is silly enough to tie herself to such a person: she must be assured that he will not only command, but expect his will to be absolute law afterwards.”

“ Oh ! Lord,” replied Mr. Williams, plucking up his spirits, “ I should expect to be comfortable to be certain, and if a woman is to be always disputing and thwarting and contradicting, why no such thing in the world could be the case you know, and if a man is to submit to all a woman’s freaks and fancies, why he would have no sort of quiet, and would be made uncomfortable in bed and up.”

“ A-bed !” exclaimed Miss Jenkins

affecting a blush, and hiding her face behind her fan, "I wonder, sir, you dare take such unwarrantable liberties; I am really shocked, sir, at your indelicate expressions."

"Indelicate expressions!" rejoined he, "unwarrantable liberties! why I never laid a finger upon you; and as to expressions, I will be judged by Miss Tudor here if I said a word that bordered upon indelicacy?"

"Indeed," replied Eliza "I was not sensible."

"Perhaps not, Miss, perhaps not," said Miss Jenkins violently flirting her fan, "but I absolutely blush at his gross allusion."

"Lord have mercy! I find I must take care and look at my words before I speak them," resumed Mr. Williams, "but I am determined never to be such a ninny as to give up altogether to a woman—no, no, she in her place, me in mine; hey, Miss Tudor?" winking at Eliza.

“ Very right, sir, in my opinion,” rejoined she, smiling kindly on him.

“ Aye, aye, Miss Tudor, you are a very sensible good tempered young lady, and seems to understand the way that would make matrimony quite comfortable.”

“ Comfortable ! contemptible,” said Miss Jenkins, tossing her head, and coloring like scarlet, “ comfortable ! I despise the low vulgar idea. As to you, Mr: Williams, you are a poor quiet soul, you have no passion, no fire, and have no notion of what love means : so you can be quiet and comfortable, that is all the bliss you are ambitious of.”

“ And enough in all conscience for a honest man to wish for I think,” replied he : “ what did I toil, and moil, and slave, and bow, and cringe, and wait upon other folks for so many long years do you think, if it was not to be quiet, and enjoy myself and be quite comfortable at last ; but lord, lord, if I was married, and got up in a morning and fetched a walk to get me an appetite, and sat

down by a clean hearth, with my hot pot of strong coffee, my thick sweet cream, and my plate of nice light well buttered rolls, what I say would become of my comfortable breakfast, if my wife was to din her ill humours in my ears, and take into her head to be cross grained, and out of temper, and find fault with me or the servants, and make herself and us quite uncomfortable?"

"Absurd and ridiculous," rejoined Miss Jenkins; "so in swilling down a pail full of strong hot coffee, and devouring a pile of well buttered rolls without interruption, seems in your idea to comprise all the comfort of life."

"No, no, you are mistaken there I assure you," replied he; "I like to take a lunch about twelve o'clock; a nice slice of well cured, fine flavored, smoked ham, as red as a cherry, or a cut of a fine fat round of beef, and a glass of bottled porter, smiling and mantling, and foaming and looking like a cauliflower head; and if

I had a partner, for her to take a snack with me—that now would be what a body might call a comfortable thing; would it not? hey, Miss Tudor.”

“ Yes indeed it would,” said Eliza.

“ Ham !” cried Miss Jenkins turning up her sharp nose, “ I detest swine’s flesh, and wonder how people can have appetites gross enough to eat it.”

“ See the difference now of people’s likes and dislikes,” said Mr. Williams. “ I am fond of pigmeat..a couple of full grown barn door fowls, and a delicate loin of pork roasted; or a leg boiled, with a pease pudding—famous dishes for my thinking. Do you dislike pork, Miss?” addressing himself to Eliza.

“ Quite the contrary, sir,” replied she.

“ Yes, yes,” said Miss Jenkins with an air of pique, “ Miss Tudor seems determined to agree in all your comfortable tastes and notions.”

“ I think, madam,” replied Eliza, “ that

Mr. Williams's notions and sentiments are so just and proper, that a woman must be unreasonable indeed who could not make herself quite comfortable with him."

Mr. Williams said he was thankful for her good opinion, and hoped she would honor him with taking a bit of dinner at his cottage the next day with a few friends, and then she should judge whether he did not live in a snug comfortable way."

"I beg leave to observe, sir, that it will not be in my power to make one of your party ; and I mention it now, because you shall not," continued Miss Jenkins, "say hereafter that I disappointed you, and made you uncomfortable by spoiling your arrangements."

"Why sure, Miss Jenkins," said Eliza, "you would not be so cruel as to deprive Mr. Williams of the felicity of your company?"

"Lord bless me, Miss," replied he, "I should have been very happy for certain

to see Miss Jenkins at my cottage, to eat a bit of mutton, but then you know if she cannot make it agreeable why what in the world can be said? But perhaps she will turn it over, and by to-morrow morning she may alter her mind, and resolve to favor me with her company and be comfortable."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied she, "and I can see very plainly that you can make yourself very comfortable without me; so, sir, I leave you to enjoy yourself, as it is by no means my intention to infringe upon your comforts by obtruding my company where it is not desired; no, sir, I assure you I have always been considered a person of the first consequence wherever I have condescended to visit, and I am not yet inclined to be pushed into the back ground, I that have been so courted and admired, I that have refused such offers."

"Dear me, madam," said Eliza stifling a laugh, "it cannot be supposed but that a person of your time of life will

always meet every proper attention and respect."

"My time of life!" screamed Miss Jenkins, her face flaming, and her eyes darting angry fires, "my time of life! really, Miss Tudor, you astonish me. Good gracious! I wonder how old you think I am: a mere girl as I am to be talked to in this affronting way! but I see which way the cat jumps. I understand your meaning, miss—you may proceed however; I shall be no impediment in your way I promise you; I never yet was without two strings to my bow: but thank heaven neither my person nor my fortune are so despicable as to leave me in the apprehension of dying in celibacy, unless it is my own will and pleasure." Saying this she flounced out of the room.

Poor Williams looked quite disconcerted; but Eliza, laughing heartily, flew to the Piano Forté, and began to play a lively air, which, acting like a charm, soon composed his irritated nerves. In a few moments he declared that Eliza played

and sung like an angel, and that he felt himself quite comfortable; and that he wished he was a few years younger for her sake, as he would try to the utmost of his power to make himself agreeable to her.

CHAP. V.

The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve ;
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind.

Shakespeare.

Love reigns a tyrant if he reigns at all.

Barbault.

Deep in the heart Love's rankling arrow lies,
 And tears of anguish dew his burning throne ;
 The tyrant joys to hear his victim's sighs,
 Insulting mocks the woe-extorted groan.

Love, guilt, and sad remorse, divide the soul:

A. J. H.

THE happy party from Raven-hill Castle reached the classic and highly picturesque shores of Italy, after a short and

delightful voyage, in perfect safety. Lady Isabella Lonsdale's delicate constitution quickly felt the renovating effect of a cloudless atmosphere, and a mild salubrious climate: her attentive and adoring husband had soon the happiness of seeing her become more blooming, more lovely than ever, while the domestic calamities which had pressed heavily on her young mind gradually yielded to Time's meliorating hand, which, stealing from sorrow its sombre garb, presents the future in brilliant hews and gay adornments. Her spirits as her health amended assumed a cheerful animated tone, and her ladyship, during her short stay at Naples, was declared the life of the Reilotto, and the spirit of the conversations; nor did the natural vivacity of Miss Lonsdale experience the least abatement; she laughed, coquetted, and sung with even more spirit than when in England; while Horatio Delamere, with all the enthusiasm congenial to his character, felt a sacred melancholy, an inspired

awe steal upon his senses, as he trod the ground consecrated in his idea from having been the birth-place and residence of his most admired heroes and favorite poets. From Naples they made frequent excursions to the coast round the bay, and examined with mingled astonishment and pleasure all the rich remains of Grecian skill and Roman magnificence. To Horatio Delamere, versed in the poetic genius of the country, and deeply read in ancient history, with an enthusiastic taste for antiquity, Herculaneum and Pompeia afforded perpetual subjects for curiosity, discussion, and admiration. One moment he rapturously extolled the beautiful disposition of parts, the exquisite architecture still conspicuous in the superb though fallen monuments of grandeur, that loaded with rubbish, and half buried in the earth, every where met the eye, and the next deplored the shocking devastations made by war, ambition, and the convulsions of nature. While wandering near Puzzoli,

Cuma, Micenum, and Baia, he lamented with feeling and energy that time should have so barbarously destroyed, should have tumbled down and crushed into ruins such stately productions of taste and invention. He grieved to see the rich and romantic coast, once the Eden of Italy, and inhabited by the warlike, the ambitious, and the wealthy, now deserted and abandoned to the poorest and most abject of God's creatures. He philosophised on the vanity of human grandeur, while he remembered those very walls that were once the pompous abodes of Cæsar, Lucilius, and Anthony, the wealthiest and most voluptuous of mankind, now the residence of a few wretched fishermen, who had constructed miserable huts, amidst the splendid ruins of what was once their country's ornament and proudest boast. He sighed as he saw the solitary fishermen sit mending their nets under the mutilated remains of marble columns and magnificent arches, that had been erected to per-

petuate some deed of private virtue or public fame, that had once echoed with the choral songs of applauding thousands, and witnessed the triumphal entry of a conqueror. He moralized too on the mutability of human affairs, as he beheld the half naked wretches devouring their scanty morsel on the very spot that had once been sprinkled with copious libations of rich wines, and sustained the weight of tables, groaning with luxurious banquets. He shuddered as he beheld the desolation of pallazos, that had once exhibited scenes of the most refined voluptuousness and wanton profusion. From Naples they made an interesting tour to Palermo, where they soon formed such agreeable society, and found in the place itself so much to entertain and attract, that many months stole away, and they had still no idea of quitting Sicily. The character of the Sicilians, as portrayed by the poets, is soft and amorous, nor had Horatio Delamere been long among them, before he received many specimens

of their aptitude to love. His handsome person and elegant address had rendered him so great a favorite with the ladies, that his time was absolutely occupied in pleasurable adventures ; none of which, however, had interest enough to make an impression beyond the moment in which he was engaged in them, till one night on the Marine he was introduced to the Marchesa della Rosalvo : he had been listening to music of the most melting tender composition ; and his mind, full of thrilling sensibility, was softened to receive the impressions she was so well calculated to make.

It was clear moonlight ; a soft balmy gale wafted aside the transparent veil that partially concealed her beautiful face : her figure was tall and graceful, but her voice, her melodious voice, in silver tones found its way to his heart. As they walked, she leaned upon his arm : her touch had the power of electricity ; he felt it violently throbbing in his bosom, and rushing with velocity through

his veins. When they reached the end of the walk, and lingered near the temple where the musicians assembled, a symphony was played, so entrancingly melodious, that their feet became rooted as it were to the spot, and this was succeeded by a full toned mellifluous voice, that sung with feeling and taste :——

In vain thy power, O, love, I brave,
And boast the freedom of my heart ;
Sunk at thy shrine a fetter'd slave,
Abject I kiss thy burning dart.

By all my tears, my silent woe,
My sighs that load the mid-night air,
O, make my bosom's tyrant know
Some portion of my wild despair.

O, make the eyes whose sunny beam
Can tender tales of feeling speak,
Like mine with tears of passion stream,
Like mine repose that flies them seek.

As the strain died away, the marchesa heaved a sigh, and Delamere saw a tear glitter on her cheek. His bosom responded the sigh, and he would gladly

have dried the tear with his lips. Presently with a sweet smile she said:—

“This kind of music always makes me malancholy: we Sicilians are passionately attached to the melody of sweet sounds, and give up ourselves to its enchantments, till we are hurried beyond the precincts of reason, and suffer imagination to soar into ideal regions. You think it silly and ridiculous to see me so moved.”

“No,” replied Delamere, “quite the contrary: I am myself an enthusiast in all that relates to music, and reverence the effect it has upon you, as the sure indication of sensibility and tenderness.”

From music the subject imperceptibly changed to love; the marchesa confessed that she believed the softness of the climate, together with the tender and impassioned language of their poets, rendered the Sicilians but too susceptible of the passion bred in the very region of romance: their hearts imbibed tender sensations before reason was sufficiently

matured to resist the dangerous invader. "No people on earth," added she, "paint or feel love like the Sicilians; none so well know the anguish of falsehood and disappointment."

"Oh," said Horatio, fixing his eyes on the marchesa, "why cannot love be mutual and lasting?"

"Because," replied the marchesa, "man is prone to inconstancy: possession of the beloved object, in the bosom of a female, increases affection, while in that of a man it produces satiety: the beauty of an angel, once become familiar to his eye, loses its attraction, and she who was once worshipped as a goddess in a short time becomes even less than mortal woman."

"Is this not too severe a censure?" asked Horatio.

"No," replied the marchesa; "unhappily it is but too just; man assails the credulous ear of woman with adulation and professions, talks of his sufferings, and vows eternal constancy; but no

sooner does she yield to his seductions, than he becomes cold and indifferent, while every passing hour adds to her affliction, her adoration; he flies to seek pleasure in variety, and she becomes a prey to grief and disappointed love. Such is man," continued the marchesa, "here in Sicily, and, however the character of his countenance may alter in other countries, that of his heart and disposition are nearly the same I believe all over the world."

"And are women entirely exempt from the vice of inconstancy?" said Horatio.

"No, not entirely," replied the marchesa; "among a thousand instances to the contrary you may perhaps find one woman inclined to change, but this is from example: woman is exactly what man makes her; if ever she is unfaithful, it is from the wish of being revenged on him who has tortured her with his infidelities."

Horatio smiled, and pressing her hand said:—

“Sure no man could be so senseless, so ungrateful, as to be false to you, for where could he hope to meet——”

“Hold,” cried the marchesa; “I find you don’t know that I have a husband, who can find charms in any female face, so it be not mine.”

“Married!” exclaimed Horatio, in a tone of disappointment and surprise.

“Even so,” replied the marchesa, “but we will if you please change the subject, to me the most unpleasant one in nature; yet, if you are at all interested in my history, unfortunately every inhabitant of Palermo can relate it.”

At the end of the walk some ladies joined them, and after a few more turns Horatio put the marchesa into her carriage, and obtained permission to inquire after her health in the morning. Before he left the Marine he informed himself of her history, and lamented to find that a woman so beautiful, so interesting, had in reality so much reason to accuse man of inconstancy. He went

home in a state of unusual agitation ; and when he threw himself into bed, her soft voice still vibrated on his ear, and her person, radiant in beauty, floated on his imagination.

“ False to such a creature ! ” continually burst from his lips : “ sure she was created to be adored ! to fix the wavering mind of man, and teach him fidelity.”

Sleep never visited his weary eye-lids, and he waited with restless impatience for the hour to arrive when he might with propriety visit her. If he had been charmed with her on the preceding night, how much more lovely did she appear when introduced to her boudoir. He found her wrapped in a simple robe of muslin, her glossy brown tresses unadorned, and straying in wanton ringlets over a forehead and neck of snowy whiteness : her drawing materials were before her ; she had been finishing a ruin near Palermo ; and Horatio discovered that to personal beauty he combined the

most exquisite accomplishments. He was so enchanted with her manners, so delighted with her conversation, found in her so much to admire, that in spite of his efforts to the contrary (remembering she was married) he found himself irresistibly attracted, and fascinated by the thousand charms and graces diffused over her person and beaming from her mind. Every morning, though he resolved to deny himself the dangerous pleasure of gazing upon and listening to her, he found himself in her boudoir. Every evening, without intending it, he was beside her at the Opera, wandering with her on the Marine, or leaning over her harp, and listening to her syren warblings, or drinking from her dark melting eyes deep draughts of intoxicating delirious passion. Horatio Delamere had taste to admire beauty meet it where he might ; and a variety of opportunities had occurred since his residence in Palermo to convince him that the voluptuous air of the climate diffused

its warmth and softness to the dispositions of the fair Sicilians ; but the gaudy fluttering ephemera, the pretty smiling, insipid nothings, that hovered round and lisped, and lolled, and languished, and displayed their various beauties and graces to attract his notice and enslave his affections, failed in their attempts : his ideas were too refined, too delicate, his mind far too exaltedly organized to be attracted by common attainments, or interested by common forms : he was disgusted by boldness and levity, he despised affectation and frivolity, and though his passions were sometimes awakened and inflamed, yet his heart, absolutely unmoved, remained perfectly calm and at ease. The Marchesa della Rosalvo's superior attainments, her highly cultivated mind, her elegant manners, her refined conversation, but above all the witchery of her smiles, and the melting expression that floated in her lucid eyes, had spoken a language his could not fail to understand. Sparkling with animation when their bright

rays rested on his face, or languishing with swimming tenderness, when their averted glance seemed to retire from his impassioned gaze, they seemed to penetrate his soul; they were not to be resisted: and to render her still more seducingly attractive, she united to a fine and graceful person all the charms and fascinations of genius and highly cultivated talents; and though a few years older than Horatio, her beauty, her sensibility, her enchanting smiles, that disclosed to view teeth of unrivalled whiteness, the voluptuous air that breathed over her whole person, were too powerful assailants to be withstood by a young man of ardent feelings, scarcely twenty-two, an age when head-strong passion amidst the overwhelming storm of inclination neither hears nor regards the admonitions of reason and prudence.

The Marchese della Rosalvo had been a remarkably handsome man; his figure was tall and commanding; and though a life of dissipation and irregular-

rity had taken much from the beauty of his features, yet he still retained an eye of fire and an air of dignity. The marchese had married a rich heiress of the Duke Campeli, because he had fancied himself in love with her; nor was it without much repugnance he brought his mind to submit to matrimonial trammels; but Celestina's proud relatives, her high rank in life, left him without hope of obtaining her on easier terms; he therefore sighed and vowed, wooed her, and was accepted. Their marriage was celebrated with pomp and magnificence, while all Palermo prophesied that the handsome Marchese Rosalvo, though he had been a great rake, would now become a convert to the charms and virtues of his beautiful bride. But alas! how were they mistaken! for a few months indeed her beauty, her captivating manners, her talents, had made him all her own; but the calm of matrimony, undisturbed possession, was not suited to the wild capricious disposition of the

marchese; he existed but in intrigue and adventure, and the lovely, the interesting, the all accomplished Celestina had soon the misery of finding herself neglected by the man on whom she had bestowed her virgin affections, and to whom she had brought immense wealth. In the sight of the marchese every woman possessed more charms than his wife; and in less than two years after their marriage, though they inhabited the same pallazo, they had separate apartments, a separate establishment, and very seldom met except at places of public entertainment, or in large parties. He was rich, and indulged to excess in every pleasure that luxury could invent or wealth procure, leaving the marchesa to console herself in any way most agreeable to her own fancy, seldom obtruding in her parties, and exhibiting on all occasions the most fashionable indifference to her pursuits, her company, and her conduct.

For a length of time the young and deserted marchesa shut herself up from

the world, received no company, never went abroad, and spent her lonely hours in lamenting the loss of those affections that constituted the bliss of her existence. At length, urged by the repeated remonstrances of her family and friends, she again mixed in society, but the “arrow was in her heart;” she often smiled with a tear in her eye, and frequently retired from gay scenes of mirth and revelry, to vent the anguished complaints of disappointment and regret, while her gay dissipated husband, pursuing his career of profligacy, neither felt for the misery he occasioned, nor condescended even to endeavour to conceal his infidelities. At length wounded pride triumphed over tenderness; the marchesa began with assuming indifference, and in the end actually felt it; she sometimes indeed heaved a sigh as she remembered past happiness, but it was no longer a sigh of anguish—no, it was a respiration of pity for the man who had dashed real felicity from his lips, to indulge in licentiousness and vice

The terms on which the marchesa lived with her husband were well known to all Palermo; and many were the sighing adorers that, hovering round Celestina, would have persuaded her to love and revenge; but the object had not yet appeared that was again to awaken in her bosom the flame of love. She listened indeed to the ardent speeches that were poured into her ear by sighing lovers; she suffered them to attend her to public places, and her vanity (for what woman is without a portion of vanity) was pleased to discover that other men adored and extolled the charms her husband disregarded. The marchesa's heart was good, her temper sweet, and her disposition amiable; but unfortunately she had sensibility: the fondness she had once felt for her husband, the tenderness he might have possessed, scorned and thrown back upon herself, her exquisite talents, the luxurious style in which she lived, the adulation she continually heard, inflamed passions naturally warm, and

in Horatio Delamere she found an object to fill the aching vacuity in her bosom that her unkind husband had made. Yielding to the pleasure his society afforded her, she felt not, thought not, of her danger, till the uneasiness she experienced in every little absence told her that he had established an empire in her bosom, too strong, too powerful, for the control of reason.

“ And why,” said the marchesa, “ should I tremble at the discovery of my passion? is he not formed by the partial hand of nature to captivate the eye? has not heaven given to his mind every excellent endowment? is he not worthy to be loved? Oh, yes! in his society my talents will be improved, and my virtue strengthened, for he will never make me blush while I remember the fond regard he has inspired.”

So thought, so spoke the marchesa. Seated at an open lattice with Horatio, she was one evening watching the moon's course over the glittering vault of

Heaven, when her cheek accidentally touching his, thrown off his guard, he suddenly pressed his lips to it : the marchesa started from her seat, and flying to her harp, began running her fingers over the strings. At first the air was imperfect and disordered, but by degrees she regained composure, and began singing a little plaintive ballad, expressive of the dangers of love. Horatio had sunk on his knees before her : as her eyes encountered his beseeching glance, her voice ceased : she held out her hand to him ; he pressed it to his heart, to his lips—the marchesa fell on his neck.

“ Horatio, dearest Horatio ! ” murmured from her lips.

“ Thine, adored Celestina, thine for ever,” replied he as he strained her yielding form in his arms, as he pressed his glowing lips to her’s. Every day seemed to add fresh strength to their passion ; each seemed to find in the other a congenial soul ; the same wishes, the same tastes, the same sentiments, seemed

to actuate them, and in this delightful intercourse weeks and months stole away unheeded; the lapse of time was unthought of, while the fascinations of love, of poetry, music, and painting, held their enchanted senses in a delirium of pleasure.

Captain Lonsdale beheld this attachment with much secret uneasiness; he wished to dissolve so dangerous a connection; he knew that had the marchesa been at liberty, Lord Narbeth would not have approved Horatio uniting himself to a foreigner, and he foresaw much trouble would result from the power, the unbounded influence so lovely a woman had over his heart. Whenever their return to England was mentioned, Horatio always said that he could not leave Sicily; that as yet he had not collected half the information he wanted, nor seen half the curiosities of the country; that he had not yet visited Mount *Ætna*, nor measured the gigantic chesnut trees described by modern travellers, nor—" Yet," inter-

rupted Miss Lonsdale, laughing, "felt weary in the company of the Marchesa della Rosalvo." "You say right," replied he: "possessed of so many exquisite accomplishments, mistress of such various powers to please, in her society weariness can never enter; but you are mistaken in supposing—" "I suppose," resumed Miss Lonsdale, "that what are called the rosy bands of love, are in reality strong iron chains; and these I suspect the marchesa has so wound round your heart that you cannot escape."

Horatio looked serious.

"Come, come," continued she, patting his shoulder with her fan, "if you are in love at last I am sorry for you, and glad too now I think of it, for I smiled and simpered, and did all I could to touch your heart, but some how you contrived to shield it so effectually that I could never find a vulnerable spot for the life of me." "Heaven forbid," said Lady Isabella, "that our dear Horatio should be so unfortunate as to love a married wo-

man: what must be the consequence of so hopeless a passion?—Youth spent in despair, health destroyed, and perhaps death.” “What a melancholy retrospection,” said Horatio kissing her hand; “but you are too apprehensive, my lovely cousin; fear not for me.” “Death indeed!” exclaimed Miss Lonsdale, “no, no—men never die for love! what Shakespeare says is strictly true, ‘men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.’”

“Perhaps they may not actually die for love,” replied Captain Lonsdale; “but, my volatile sister, be assured many a man, and woman’s life too, has been made miserable through indiscreetly placing the affections on improper or unworthy objects; many a noble heart has been tortured by disappointment, and many a highly gifted mind been fated to experience misery, from the tyranny and caprice of love.”

“Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe defend from love,” said Miss

Lonsdale, throwing herself into a theatrical attitude; “but I pray very ill,” added she, “for here are you and Lady Isabella, a pair of fond lovers, whose affection I hope will never know diminution; I therefore only pray for Horatio and myself.” “You need not trouble heaven on my account,” rejoined he: “rather than not feel the passion, I am content to suffer all its agonies.” “More simpleton you then,” rejoined she; “would it not be far better to have your heart at ease, to be able to take your dinner with a good appetite, and pass your nights in undisturbed repose, than be suffering under all the tricks and mischief that little blind urchin, Master Cupid, may please to play upon you?” “But if you are never in love, of course you will never marry,” said Lady Isabella. “Pardon me there,” replied she, “it is by no means my intention to die an old maid, I assure you.”—“What, marry without love!” exclaimed Lady Isabella, “Yes,” said Miss Lonsdale, “and I

consider it far the wisest way: lord, lord, if I were to love a man, I should never be able to manage him. Don't lift up your eyes, child, nor your hands, brother; I repeat manage him!—if a woman is silly enough to love her husband, why she yields up even her own wishes to his, submits to all his opinions, and his will becomes her law.”—“And ought it not to be so?” asked Lady Isabella. “Oh! my dear Edward,” said she, turning to her husband, “so may I ever love you; may your opinions ever govern mine, and your will be my law.” Captain Lonsdale threw his arms round her, and affectionately kissed her.—Miss Lonsdale called them silly, soft souls.

“I fancy,” said Horatio, “you would not have much objection to be in a similar situation: come,” continued he, “my pretty cousin,” taking her hands, “look in my face, and answer truly to the questions I shall ask.”

“What impertinence!” cried she, struggling. “Nay, nay,” said he, “re-

sistance will avail you nothing : hold up your head, my dear, and reply with sincerity : I know the Count Respino is your declared admirer : what do you think of him ?” “ That he has but little wealth, less wit, and admires his own person too much to feel any very particular regard for mine.”

“ Very well,” replied Horatio, “ then the Marchese Salerno is far too learned for me ; I should have Greek for breakfast, Latin for dinner, and Hebrew for supper, if I were to marry him.” Horatio laughed.

“ Well, what do you think of the Duke Medina ?” “ Why I think that he looks like a man anatomised ; but yet I think, if he would give me the key of his iron chest, though he is a notorious miser, I would venture to take him for better for worse, in the hope of being able to circulate those enormous piles of gold of his, that have never seen sun or moon since they came into his pos-

session. But as this is rather a hopeless matter, old habits being inveterate, what say you to the young handsome gay Count di Valdia?" "No, no," replied Miss Lonsdale, "I protest against him most seriously; he is too much of my own disposition for me to have the smallest chance for happiness; our wits would be for ever jangling, our spirits mounting into flame, and the vivacity which if enjoyed only by one would form the harmony of our lives, possessed by both, instead of enlivening us, would create jars and discord; each would be striving to outdo the other in smartness and repartee, and in less than a year our spirits would be worn out, and one or both of us become hypochondriac." Lady Isabella and Captain Lonsdale laughed heartily, while she, assuming an humble air, curtsied low, and prayed, having gone so well through her examination, to be released. "Not yet, my dear; not yet," replied Horatio. "I confess you have hitherto answered like an ingenuous

good girl, but I have yet another gentleman to propose, and having replied to him, you shall be restored to liberty. What, if the old Duke of Leonti was to offer himself?"

"Why I would not sacrifice myself to his gout, phthisis, and palsy, even to be made a dutchess." "But if his grandson," said Horatio, looking archly in her face, which was dyed with crimson blushes, "if his grandson was to say lovely Emily, I offer you my heart and hand." "Why I really believe," replied she, "I should accept them: to be the Countess Miraldi at present, with the expectation of being a dutchess in future, would be no bad establishment I assure you." Horatio caught her in his arms, and in spite of her struggles obtained two or three kisses, which he told her he bestowed upon her as a reward for her sincerity.

"I would not have you believe though that his aquiline nose and fine shaped legs have won my heart; no such thing, believe me," said Miss Lonsdale; "but as

one must marry some time or other ; and if I was obliged to take a Sicilian husband, and all those were to offer that you have mentioned, I believe I should chuse him as the least exceptionable." " I admire your discernment and discretion," rejoined Horatio, " and have some idea that the Count Miraldi, though rather grave himself, has no dislike to your vivacity."

" Ah, dissembler !" said Lady Isabella, " you are caught at last, are you? you that have so much and so often derided love." " Aye," replied Miss Lonsdale, " and deride it still, when carried to that romantic excess as to make those under its influence deport themselves like Bedlamites. Admitting that I do feel some preference for the count, whom I confess I consider a man of merit, believe me I am not sufficiently in love to turn poet, and make miserable rhymes in praise of his arched eyebrows, to shun the comforts of sleep, and waste the hours of night in the melancholy occupation of

watching the moon. I shall not grow pale with loss of appetite, nor sink my spirits with ideal fears and jealous apprehensions, I shall not lose my relish for dancing, though the Count Miraldi may chance to choose another partner. I shall not relinquish the desire of shewing my wit, nor omit any occasion that may occur of exercising it upon him in particular."

"Bravo!" said Captain Lonsdale.

"Bravissimo!" exclaimed Horatio; "this is being happily in love, and absolutely reverses Othello's declaration, for 'tis loving wisely, and not too well; it deserves to be recorded, that posterity may learn a woman once loved rationally." "And I wish," replied Miss Lonsdale, "that my sentiments could be recorded, as a check upon men's vanity, that they might know it was not in their power to make all women fools."—When Horatio retired to his apartment, he felt that love was with him a tumultuous passion, pervading his frame at times with

the most rapturous feelings of bliss, at others torturing him to agony. He dared not think, because the monitor within told him that he, indulging in guilty pleasures, had no right to expect the peace of virtue, yet, could he abandon her who had sacrificed her richest possession to him, her honor, who loved him beyond fame? Oh! no, and if at some moments reason, assuming her power over his mind, made him resolve to break the dangerous connection he had formed, no sooner did he see the marchesa, than relapsing into fondness, he became more devoted, more enchanted with her beauty than before, and found her spells wound more closely round his heart. Every letter he wrote to his friend, Henry Mortimer, was filled with praises of the fascinating marchesa, expressed his adoration of her charms, and the strength of his attachment: the replies of Henry to these letters were not calculated to please Horatio, or calm his perturbed spirits; for Henry in strong terms represented the crime of

loving a married woman, let her situation be what it might; bade him beware of seducing her affections and plunging her in guilt, unless he wished to devote himself to perpetual remorse. He conjured him to return to England, and in the midst of friends who loved him forget an attachment which promised nothing short of wretchedness.

“ Oh !” cried Horatio, as he read the advice and remonstrances of his friend, “ oh ! that it was in my power to obey the friendly injunction !—Abandon Celestina !—impossible ! Henry, Henry, I wanted thy fortitude, thy forbearance : I have already plunged her in guilt. She loves me, exists but for me ; and can I resolve to tear myself from her, who, confiding in my truth and honor, has yielded all to me ? No, divine Celestina ! my wishes, my soul are governed by thee ; thou art the arbitress of my fate. Leave Sicily !—no, no, it is impossible. Every deviation from virtue is followed by remorse. — Even in the magic circle of

pleasure, the upbraiding voice of conscience will be heard ; and ‘ midst the roses fierce repentance rears its snaky crest.’”

In vain did the marchesa seek to extenuate her own dereliction of virtue, by reflecting on the atrocious conduct of her husband : it would not do ; remorse pursued her even in her most rapturous moments. She loved Horatio Delamere with the truest, most ardent affection ; yet she blushed in his presence, and found that “ what is in its nature wrong, no words can palliate, no plea can alter.”—The void in her bosom was indeed filled, but not by happiness ; the love she sighed for had destroyed her honor, and every criminal indulgence crimsoned her cheek with shame, and suffused her eyes with tears of bitter though unavailing remorse.

CHAP. VI.

Joined, not matched,
 Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
 Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo
 Us : mark but the very frame and temper
 Of our minds, how very much we differ.
 E'en this day, that fills thee with such ecstasy
 And transport, to me brings nothing that should
 Make me bless it, or think it better than
 The day before, or any other that
 In the course of time has duly ta'en
 Its turn and is forgotten.

Rowe.

SIR OWEN LLEWELLYN saw with infinite concern the sunk eyes, the altered mien, and pale dejected countenance of Henry Mortimer ; that countenance which only

a few months before exhibited the bright and ruddy glow of health, those eyes that had sparkled with cheerful animation. To all his anxious and affectionate inquiries Henry constantly answered that he was well; but the solicitude of Sir Owen Llewellyn was not to be so answered or so satisfied. He saw him hourly looking worse, and growing more melancholy; he plainly perceived there was an hidden malady, a something that seemed to tremble and shrink from inquiry; but of what nature it was he could not even guess, though he saw it lay with an oppressive weight upon his mind.

Sometimes he fancied that Henry's disappointed hopes relative to his grandfather, Lord Dungarvon, pressed upon his spirits and undermined his health; but so well was the secret guarded, so closely locked within the foldings of his bosom, so much and so constantly did he labor to conceal his feelings, that it was utterly impossible even for the solicitous eye of

friendship to discover that love was sinking him to the grave.

After a variety of expedients had been proposed for relieving his melancholy, Sir Owen mentioned a change of scene, and they began to make hasty preparations for a tour through South Wales, when the frame of Henry, unequal to the agonizing conflicts of his mind, became suddenly so languid, that it was impossible to think of pursuing their intended excursion.

The faculty Sir Owen Llewellyn called in pronounced his disorder an affection of the nerves, and wisely attributed his illness and sufferings to his long and disagreeable confinement in Raven-hill Castle.

Adeline's tender and compassionate disposition evinced itself in a thousand nameless attentions to the invalid; but this was only pouring oil upon flames; her tenderness increased his passion, and redoubled pangs already past endurance.

One morning during his confinement

(for he was now unable to stir abroad) Sir Owen softly entered his apartment, and finding he slept, sat silently down on a chair by the side of his couch, to watch his slumbers.—He seemed restless and uneasy, and his sleep far from tranquil and refreshing.

After some time Henry started, and drawing a deep and heavy sigh, said, “How much longer shall I linger in this state of misery?—How much longer live only to feel regret? Adeline,” continued he, “dear angelic Adeline! you may marry, yes, you certainly will marry, but long before you become a bride my miserable existence will have terminated. Generous, worthy Sir Owen Llewellyn!” resumed he, after a pause of a few moments, “he little guesses the state of this rebellious heart—he thinks not that I adore his angelic daughter, that I am dying for her. No, no, no, never be my aspiring passion revealed—hid, for ever hid in the closest recesses of my bosom, let the secret be buried with me. Adeline

shall have a wealthy husband, shall be great and happy, when this heart shall have ceased to throb, these pulses to beat —when the miserable Henry sleeps in the humble grave of his mother. Oh that mother! —she too was the victim of love, and so, alas! shall her devoted offspring be!”

Astonished at this discovery, and inexpressibly shocked at his despondency, Sir Owen, without speaking, softly stole from the room, and after remaining for some moments with his hand pressed upon his forehead in meditation, he exclaimed, “ Ah! how blind must I have been not to have seen this! —Oh! why did he not confide his secret to me? —He ought to have understood my principles, and above all, my true affection for him. Wealth! greatness! high-sounding words indeed, but not always the purchasers of happiness. But sure it is not yet too late to save him. —He must not, shall not die. Adeline will restore my Henry. Rank! splendor! be these the objects of Lord Dun-

garvon's pursuit; my ideas of happiness are not, I thank heaven, modelled according to the grovelling maxims of the world, and in uniting my child to a man of honor, of principle, and of real worth, I shall ensure her that felicity so seldom found with titles, or annexed to greatness: but I will consult the feelings of Adeline."

Sir Owen went immediately in search of his daughter, to whom, in the most delicate and pathetic terms, he disclosed the important discovery he had just made; he expatiated on the great merit of Henry's honorable concealment of his passion, a concealment that had nearly destroyed his life, and spoke in high terms of his virtues and his merits.

Adeline's beautiful countenance underwent many changes while she listened to her father's recital of Henry's sufferings, and eulogium on his virtues, to which her heart bore testimony; while to the affecting description of his long concealed love, and its fatal consequences, she

gave many tears. Her father drew hope from her tears, which he wiped away, and tenderly pressed her in his arms, while he conjured her to give Henry's passion a serious consideration ; to remember his worth, the brilliant attainments of her mind, and the graces of his person, and if his heart really felt no preference in favor of another, which she had so often and so seriously assured him, to bestow it generously on Henry, so very worthy the possession—on him scarce less dear to his affections than herself."

Adeline was silent: she hid her face in her father's bosom, and wept bitterly.

"Adeline, my beloved child!" said Sir Owen, alarmed at her extreme agitation, "what means these tears, this excessive disorder? Surely you can have no concealments with your father, your friend. You cannot sure have deceived me in saying your affections are disengaged? Speak to me ingenuously, my child: relieve me from the tortures of

suspense, and decide on the fate of poor Henry, whose life is in your power.

Thus entreated, Adeline raised her head from her father's shoulder. She smiled through her tears, and fervently pressing his hand to her lips said——

“ No, my dear sir, I have never yet deceived you in any instance. My heart is indeed disengaged, entirely free—so free—but you shall hear its most secret sentiments. I love Henry Mortimer with the affection of a sister: brought up from my earliest remembrance together, I have never taught myself to look upon him in any other light than that of a brother, I am sensible of his worth; I justly appreciate his talents: but ought not the heart to feel warmer emotions than those I profess towards the object selected for a partner for life? I could be pleased to see Henry the husband of any amiable woman who was worthy of him; I should rejoice in his felicity; but indeed, my dear, dear father, it never once entered my imagination that I was at all necessary to his happiness, or that he was

formed to constitute mine; for nothing that I feel for Henry bears the slightest comparison with what I have heard or read of love."

"I see, my dear artless Adeline," replied Sir Owen, smiling and pressing her hand, "I see you have borrowed your ideas of love from the fanciful and inflated descriptions of romance, ideas, my child, never realised, except in the fevered brain of the poet or the visionary; for heaven be praised, there are but few fated to feel the exquisite misery they undergo, or fancy that they undergo. In persons of uncontrolled habits, who have shook off the wise rule of reason, who yield themselves unresistingly to the dominion of strong and vehement feeling, love is most certainly a feverish, delirious, and despotic power: sweeping propriety and discretion before it, like an overwhelming torrent; but in well regulated virtuous minds it assumes a gentler rule, and divested of all its fiercer attributes, becomes a more refined a tenderez

sort of friendship. Such love as this I think you feel for Henry, and such a mild and temperate passion I trust will ensure you far greater happiness, more permanent felicity, than if you were to have your heart lacerated, and your feelings agonized with excess of sensibility. But tell me, Adeline, are you stoic enough to see him die? Can you know that a noble feeling heart is breaking for you, and not wish to preserve a being so dear, so valuable?"

"My father! my dear father! do not break my heart also," said Adeline, violently weeping.

"Heaven forbid, my child," replied Sir Owen, "that I should wound your feelings in the slightest degree, or make a request which it would give you pain to comply with: but the more I consider this young man's inestimable qualities, the more I become attached to him. His brave unfortunate father was my earliest, dearest friend, and to his dying mother, the loveliest, gentlest, most ami-

able of women, I solemnly promised to be a father to Henry Mortimer.— Was your heart attached to another, never would I urge the suit of Henry ; but as you declare its affections are actually unbiassed, I would wish, dear Adeline, child of my affection, to direct them where they may rest in full and perfect security of happiness, in the bosom of truth, generosity, and honor.”

Their conversation was here interrupted by a servant hastily summoning Sir Owen Llewellyn to the chamber of Henry, who had fainted during his absence.

Adeline, left alone to her reflections, began minutely to scrutinize her heart, to consider what her father had said concerning the effect of love on different minds, yet in spite of all her reasonings, she was as still perplexed and undecided as at first. She remained unconvinced, nor could she bring herself to believe that her sentiments for Henry Mortimer amounted to any thing beyond esteem, or

that his graces, his merits, and accomplishments, his acknowledged virtues, had inspired a warmer feeling than friendship. Yet she felt it her duty to obey her father, and she thought too that loving no other she might indeed be happy with Henry Mortimer; nay, she believed she must, for Heaven would bless the motives that induced her to bestow her hand according to the wishes of a parent, whose every moment had been spent in fond indulgences of her, and whose every thought had been employed in forming schemes for her interest or her pleasure. Was it possible that so good, so wise a father could err? Could he, so experienced, be deceived in the paths which he assured her led to future felicity? Oh! no, no, whatever he determined must be right. Thinking thus, she resolved that he should guide her opinions and actions, that she would yield implicit obedience to his wishes. Fixed in these determinations, Adeline followed her father to Henry's chamber:

as she approached, he met and led her towards Henry, who in a faltering hesitating voice said,

“Your father, dearest Adeline, has accidentally discovered the secret woe that preys upon my life.—Ah! how was it possible to be in the daily, hourly contemplation of so much beauty, to be a witness of such transcendent perfections, and not adore them? Yet I never breathed in mortal ear my presumptuous passion: a passion nourished without hope, for I never for a moment believed that I could influence you in my favor; I never wished it; I considered you above my humble fortunes: I wished not to connect you with a being, deserted and abandoned by his proud family. Say then you pity, and forgive me: and soon, very soon, this heart shall forget its tumultuous throb-bings, soon shall the long sleep of death peacefully close these weary eyes, and the turf hide the wretched Henry and his obtrusive sorrows.”

Henry shed no tears, but Sir Owen and Adeline both wept.

“ Forbear, dear Henry,” said she, bending over him, “ forbear to speak thus despondingly ; my father cannot part with his son, nor I with my brother—you must not talk of dying.”

“ Alas !” said Henry, pressing her hand to his pale lips, and sighing heavily. “ Alas ! the happy tranquil days are past : when in believing Adeline my sister, my mind felt placid, and satisfied, nor thought nor wished for bliss beyond the joy of that relationship—that peaceful period has long been at an end : it has given place to doubts, to fears, to restless jealousies. I am no longer contented with being distinguished as the brother of Adeline.—O ! no, most worshipped ! most adored ! a warmer, tenderer sentiment succeeds ; but I see I distress you ; tears are in your eyes : nay, weep not, Adeline. I would not create an uneasy thought, give a pang to that gentle bo-

som to be master of the universe. Go, dearest, loveliest of women, leave this melancholy couch."

"Nay, Henry, send her not away," said Sir Owen.

"Why, sir, should she stay," replied he, "to be made miserable by my complaints? My sufferings find no alleviation by creating unavailing sorrow in the bosom of another: every tear she sheds falls like burning lead upon my heart. O God!" cried he, raising his eyes to Heaven, and clasping his hands with fervor, "make her happy; grant that she may never feel as I do, never experience the torturing agony of unrequited passion—but let her days glide away undisturbed by care or sorrow, and her nights, calm and peaceful, be blest with repose soft as her own innocence."

Adeline stood motionless; her blood chilled; her cheeks became pale, and a heavy shuddering pain at her heart told her his prayer would never be realised.

"Look at her, sir," said Henry, as she

stood with her arms crossed upon her bosom. "See how much I have affected her."

"No, Henry: no, I am not much affected," replied she, and a gush of tears relieved her overcharged heart.

She had entered the chamber with an intention of giving herself to Henry, but still she wanted resolution ; and when she would have encouraged him with hope, the unformed sentence died away upon her lips.

"I feel, sir," said Henry, "a presentiment that I have not much longer to linger—not much longer will your feeling heart be wrung with witnessing the sufferings of this wretched frame : permit me, while I am yet able, to thank you for all your care and tenderness, to assure you of my gratitude, and to pledge you my word that your advice has ever been the guide and support of my actions. At this awful moment I feel the consolation of a mind free from the burthen of actual sin and guilt, and I humbly trust that

he who wove the inexplicable texture of our passions will forgive the errors they sometimes lead us into."

Adeline sobbed aloud: her father took her hand, and would have led her from the room, but in a voice scarcely articulate she begged to remain.

"I trust, my dear Henry," said Sir Owen, while Adeline sunk into a chair, "I trust you have yet many years to live, and that a youth so well begun will finish in old age after a bright succession of good and virtuous actions."

Henry sighed——

"Why, my dear sir," said he, "should you wish a life prolonged that has lost its chief charm? O! no, better for me to sink into oblivion—better that the forgetfulness of the grave should cover me, than that I should live to drag on a life of misery: for never, were my days to be lengthened to the end of time, never can I forget my love—no, it is entwined in my being."

Adeline again approached the couch; she essayed to speak, but could not utter a sentence.

“What means my child?” said Sir Owen.—“What would you say, my Adeline?”

She fixed her eyes mournfully on Henry, and her tears rolled in large drops down her cheeks.

“Why, dearest Adeline,” said Henry, “why are you thus affected? My sufferings will soon be over, and you I I trust will forget I ever gave you pain. Leave me, dearest of women, and let me expiate by death—”

A faintness seized him: Sir Owen caught him in his arms, but unable to utter a word, he cast on his daughter a look so full of meaning of tender entreaty, she sunk on her knees beside the couch, and fervidly pressing Henry’s cold hand to her lips, with extreme agitation said,

“Live, Henry, live for Adeline.”

Henry’s languid eyes again unclosed;

a faint color hurried across his pale cheek as feeble and trembling he pronounced :—

“ Great God !” did I hear right ! for thee, Adeline—live for thee ?”

“ Yes, dearest Henry, for me,” said Adeline, “ for me, my brother—my friend. I am thine.”

Sir Owen clasped his kneeling daughter to his bosom, and fondly kissed her, while Henry, overcome by joy and gratitude, sunk back on the couch unable to articulate a single syllable, and fainted. When restored to animation, he would have spoke, but Sir Owen, fearful of agitating spirits so deplorably weakened, imposed silence, and leading Adeline from the room, left him to tranquillize his spirits, by seeking that repose his mind stood so much in need of.

“ You have now, my child,” said Sir Owen, with an approving smile, as he accompanied her to her apartment, “ you have now acted up to my fondest hope, you have made me completely happy ; and when it shall please the great dis-

poser of events to call me to those realms where your beatified mother enjoys the rich reward of goodness and superior virtue, we shall I trust be permitted to look down from on high, and behold the felicity of our children."

Adeline burst into an agony of tears.

"My mother!" exclaimed she, sobbing, "my dear sainted mother! would to God you were alive to assure, to direct your child, who now more than ever feels your loss—who now more than ever needs your maternal advice and indulgence. Oh, that I could hear your voice directing the paths I ought to pursue."

"Believe," said Sir Owen solemnly; "believe, Adeline, that her voice speaks in mine, that I utter her sentiments, her wishes. And, oh! my child, believe also," added he, "that the doubts that waver in your mind proceed only from the natural timidity and delicacy of your character; be assured with Henry Mortimer you cannot fail of happiness."

Adeline, left to herself, begun to reflect on the momentous change that a few hours had effected ; an event so sudden, so unexpected, confused her brain : she seemed in a dream : had she really promised to be the wife of Henry Mortimer should he recover—was her heart quite easy, perfectly satisfied with the promise she had given. She tried to persuade herself that it was ; she remembered she was acting in unison with the wishes of a respected and most beloved parent, and though the tears streamed in torrents from her eyes, she continually said to herself :—

“ I am happy ! I must be happy, for has not my father said so.”

She sat down to write to Eliza Tudor, to request her presence, for she needed some person whose spirits were more lively than her own to prevent her sinking into absolute dejection. Meanwhile Henry's health every hour amended ; suffered to speak of his hidden love, a concealment no longer necessary, blest with the smile

of Adeline, he again grew cheerful, and looked forward with delighted hope to the period when he should make her his, a period to be no longer procrastinated than till his health, as yet delicate, was thoroughly established. Miss Tudor did not leave Glenwyn Priory without regret, for amongst the various characters that visited the Montgomerys, she found so much to employ her sportive talents, that she had never been at a loss for a mischievous adventure. After having congratulated Adeline on her future prospects, she archly said :—

“ Did I not tell you that your brother Henry would ultimately marry his sister Adeline; but how is this, Adeline, you look so grave, so dismal? Lord! one would suppose you were going to be buried, instead of being married.”

“ I confess, my dear Eliza,” replied Miss Llewellyn, “ my spirits are not good: I have ever taught myself to think seriously on the subject of matrimony; and when I consider how happy, how ex-

tremely happy I have been in a single state, I may well dread a diminution of that happiness, when every day's experience proves to us the mutability of human affairs."

"But from Henry, whose disposition you know as well as you do your own, from him," rejoined Miss Tudor, "you can certainly have nothing to apprehend: his affection is too firmly fixed ever to lessen, or to alter."

"Heaven grant it," replied Adeline; "but I fear not for Henry's conduct; it is on my own account I am apprehensive, lest I should not perform the duties of my situation as I ought."

"Duties of your situation!" echoed Miss Tudor, in a tone of amazement; "why, what duties, child, will you then have to perform more than now?"

"I shall then have the opinions of my husband to attend to," replied Adeline, "his will to obey."

Eliza laughed.

"Hold your tongue, Adeline," said

she, “for heaven’s sake ! such notions as these might do very well for the primitive woman ; but now I fancy every married woman consults her own opinion, and obeys her own will ; not but what as you have ever been a saintly daughter. I suppose you will make full as saintly a wife. Heigho !” continued she, affecting a sigh, “while if ever Eliza Tudor marries, she will continue as great a mad-cap as when single, laughing at a husband’s authority, as she has at her father’s, delighting in all that is whimsical and extravagant, never obeying any power but that Almighty one caprice, and turning propriety and decorum out of doors. Heaven help poor Seymour. I confess, much as I love him, I fear the man will have a hard bargain of me ; even weighed in the scale against all my possessions, actual and possible.”

Adeline smiled, and shook her head ; yet she secretly wished that she had Eliza’s spirits, her happy heart of getting rid of sorrow, her utter inaptitude to

anticipate evil. While Adeline was thus thinking, Eliza suddenly turned round, and with a look of much drollery, said:—

“ I have just hit upon your matrimonial duties, Adeline. I suppose you intend to mend and make your husband’s shirts, small pleat his frills, knit his stockings, and when you have children nurse the squalling brats yourself; now, by the bye, if this is your intention, your duties will pretty well occupy your time and your thoughts.”

“ As to the mending and making of shirts, the knitting of stockings, and pleating of frills, I shall leave these matters,” rejoined Adelina, “ to those who better understand them; but if it should please heaven to bless me with children, I shall most certainly nurse them myself. I should be sorry to leave my children to the care of hirelings, whose want of attention might contort their forms, or fail to administer to their little wants.” “ And you would suckle your children yourself?” “ Undoubtedly,” replied Ade-

line. "I have often heard that a child imbibes with its milk the humors, vices, and infirmities of its nurse." "Well, but Adeline, consider for a moment, how much acting in the capacity of a wet nurse," said Eliza, "must always keep the person in dishabille." "I don't altogether see that," answered her friend; "but I should easily dispense with the glitter of full dress, when I considered that the health and future happiness of my children depended on my performing those tender offices myself, which heaven intended a mother should fulfil."

"I fear I should never fulfil them," replied Eliza. "Lord! my dear, to have an elegant lace tucker torn to atoms, or ones hair lugged about ones ears, or ones head stupified with singing lullaby to a cross child; all this may do for your pretty demure saintship, but for me, lord, lord! I am only a poor mortal woman, and have not the presumption to aspire to these perfections: no, no, if I have children I will take care to pro-

vide proper nurses, who may feed, sing to, and jump little master or miss about, while I am skipping away in a cotilion, or dancing a reel."

Sir Owen Llewellyn and Henry interrupted Eliza's speech. Sir Owen had not long entered the room, before Adeline noticed that he looked ill: she was just replying to a tender inquiry of Henry's, when he uttered a groan and fell to the ground. Adeline in distraction perceived that he was quite motionless, and with a frantic scream cried—"He is dead, my father is dead!" Henry with the assistance of Eliza Tudor raised him to a chair, but he gave no signs of life. Adeline increased the distress of the scene, by throwing her arms round his neck, and fainting on his bosom. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who opened a vein, and to the inexpressible joy of the whole household, Sir Owen Llewellyn recovered to motion and speech; the surgeon declared it was an apoplectic fit, and ordered such medicines and treatment

as he considered proper for the case. Sir Owen did not long continue ill, but he conceived this fit to be a warning of approaching dissolution; he thought his final end was not far distant; and under this idea, he conjured Adeline to name an early day for her nuptials. Adeline wept, and hung about his neck. "Why this weakness, my [Adeline?]" said he, "since death our necessary end must come; nor will your marriage, my child, either hasten or retard his approach; but should he arrive unexpectedly, I shall not die lamenting your unprotected state. I shall see you the wife of the being I love best on earth, next to yourself; consent then, my dear Adeline, to name the day, and by this acquiescence set my mind at rest."

Henry tenderly solicited, and Eliza Tudor laughed, rallied, and scolded, till urged on every side, Adeline with blushes and hesitation named that day fortnight. Her father embraced and blessed her; while Henry, joy sparkling in his eyes,

and animating all his gestures, devoured her hand with kisses. The news soon reached Glenwyn Priory, where Miss Montgomery, almost choaking with rage, raved and abused Adeline most unmercifully; while her brother, though his heart had not yet forgot her charms, sincerely wished them happiness; and did justice with a manly generosity to the merits of Henry Mortimer, who, though a successful rival, he confessed deserving even of Miss Llewellyn.

“Deserving!” repeated Miss Montgomery; “he deserves to be ridiculed for a fool; he might have had a much superior match in every particular.” Hugh Montgomery cast on his sister a glance of mingled anger and contempt, while Mr. Williams, who was present with the Jenkins when the news arrived, caught up her words, and wondered how a man could be so blind to his own interest, as to let a larger fortune slip by, and take a less, when he might have had which he would. Miss Jenkins drew

herself up in a more stately posture than usual, and told Mr. Williams that he was the most mercenary man she ever was acquainted with ; that money seemed with him to comprise all good."

"Why, as to that I believe," replied Mr. Williams, "folks who know any thing of the world will I fancy agree with me that there is no such thing in life as being the least bit comfortable without it. A man is a downright fool, knowing what a vexatious kind of a state wedlock is, who offers to marry without his wife brings something with her to make the pot boil."

"Dear me, that is a *perdigiously* vulgar notion," said Mrs. Montgomery ; "men in India never are so amazingly rude as to ask after a lady's *fortin*."

"No," said Mr. Williams, staring, "why then I am sure I would advise all the portionless girls in this country to ship themselves for the East Indies, for they may stay here till they are as withered and ugly as the witch of Endor ; they

will never get husbands without having a little of the rhino to make things comfortable."

During this conversation, Mr. Jenkins was standing by a bow window that commanded the high road.

"Gad !" exclaimed he suddenly, "why, Rosa, my girl ; there goes your father in that there stylish tandem."

"My father !" said Rosa, trembling, and turning pale.

"Why what ails the girl ?" said Miss Jenkins, "what is your father to you, miss ? If your mother's relations had not been kinder than him, you might have been sent to the work-house, to be brought up by the parish."

Rosa burst into tears. Hugh Montgomery took her hand, and attempted to sooth her.

"Pooh ! d—m it, Rosa, don't snivel," said Mr. Jenkins ; "never mind, my girl, you want nothing of him ; but what the

devil brings him into these parts I wonder, and in mourning too?"

"In mourning!" exclaimed Miss Jenkins; "lord, I should not wonder if his father, old Sir Henry Percival, was dead, and he was come to take possession of the Rhydderdwyn estates: and if the old baronet is laid under ground he shall do something for Rosa—an unnatural wretch to neglect his own child in the way he has."

While this conversation was passing a servant arrived on a foaming horse from Mr. Jenkins's house, to request that his master would return home immediately.

"Gad!" said Mr. Jenkins, "I must be off. Mrs. Montgomery, ma'am you will have the goodness to excuse me, business must be minded."

"Business!" echoed Miss Jenkins, "I wonder what business Rosa's father can have with you?" However, I shall go, and give him a little of my

mind. Come, Rosa, come along; now your longing, miss, will be satisfied; you have often wished to see your father."

"And was it not a natural wish, madam?" replied the gentle Rosa.

"I am sure he has been unnatural enough to you," said Miss Jenkins: "you might have wanted bread to eat, and a garment to wear, for any thing he knew or cared."

"Gad!" replied her brother, "how you stand prating; come along."

They then bustled away, and left Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter commenting on the rudeness and vulgarity of their behavior, and debating whether they should, or should not, pay a visit to the bride at Dolegelly Castle.

"By all means, Lucretia, let us go," said Mrs. Montgomery, "or they may be silly enough to think that you are *perdigiously* vexed and mortified at the marriage."

"Then," replied Miss Montgomery,

“ they will be vastly mistaken I assure them. Me mortified ! not I truly, I only pity the poor fellow’s bad taste : no, no, I own I was a little taken with the fellow’s person ; but as he chose to prefer that dowdy Adeline Llewellyn to me, my pride will keep me from feeling mortification, madam, I promise you.”

“ I rejoice to hear it I am sure,” said Mrs. Montgomery : “ indeed it was a *perdigiously* amazing thing that the man should have been so ridiculous, and out of the way, as to prefer her to you, Lucretia : but there is no accounting for people’s taste.”

“ Taste !” rejoined Miss Montgomery, “ he has I think displayed very little taste ; and only to think of his almost dying about her : taste truly !” surveying her person with much complacency in an opposite mirror. “ I think there is no comparison to be drawn between the daughter of a rich East Indian nabob and that of a little Welch baronet ; but perhaps I have had a lucky escape. I no

doubt shall marry a title if I marry at all."

"Most likely, my dear, most likely," said her mother; "with your beauty, and your *fortin* you have certainly a right to expect a title. Your father intends to spend the winter in *Lunnun*, and then you will have an opportunity of picking and chusing; and then when you are married to some great lord, what a *perdigious* pleasure it will be to come down into these parts to astonish them with your grandeur and happiness, and to be called your ladyship at every word, while she is only plain Mrs. Mortimer."

"Delightful it would be to be sure," said Lucretia, "and there is nothing would give me greater pleasure than to mortify her."

"Why, what has she done to offend you?" said the nabob, who very seldom interfered, or put in a word, though pretty well acquainted with the spiteful temper of his daughter, and the equally blameable indulgence of her mother.

“ Done to me! sir,” said Lucretia, “ I am very sorry my own father feels so little for my insulted pride and wounded peace as to find it necessary to ask that question.”

“ As to your pride,” replied the nabob, “ having so large a portion of it, Lucretia, you must not wonder that it gets hurt a little now and then; but I had no conception that your peace was affected, because as far as I am able to judge, you seem to enjoy yourself as much as ever.”

“ Yes, sir,” rejoined Miss Montgomery, “ and perhaps I have to thank my pride that I am able to appear to enjoy myself, for it may well be imagined that I have not with calm indifference seen myself overlooked for a person who does not possess half my perfections.”

“ Different people see with different eyes,” said the nabob: “ now for my part, I think Miss Llewellyn——”

“ Nobody wants to hear what you think about her, Mr. Montgomery, I

promise you, and I beg you won't distress Lucretia with mentioning her." "I think it is *perdigious'y* odd," added Mrs. Montgomery, "that you should take her part against your own child."

The nabob loved quietness, so he took up his hat and walked out of the room.

"Did you ever see the like?" said Lucretia, reddening like scarlet. "I think the creature has bewitched every body; but it is her turn now: mine will come by and bye."

"Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Montgomery, "we will see what a winter in *Lunnun* will do. A rich East Indian nabob's daughter will have some *detractiun* I warrant."

"I shall think it odd if she has not," whispered Hugh Montgomery, who with a book in his hand, reclining on a sofa, had seemed to take no notice of their conversation.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Montgomery, "for my part I should not in

the least wonder if you were to be a dutchess at last."

"I will be content to be a Countess," said Lucretia, "for then when I come down into the country I shall have the pleasure of taking place of her at the balls. Brushing past her, whom I perhaps may honor with a slight nod, or how do you do, I shall be led to the upper end of the room, creating a most charming noise, bustle, and confusion, among the little gentlewomen who had fancied themselves somebody before I appeared."

"O dear, dear! this will be charming," exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery: "well, Lucretia, well, my dear, go on; your description is *perdigiously* entertaining."

"Yes, yes, mamma," replied Lucretia, "and I shall be gratified, as well as entertained, to see myself worshipped like a goddess, while she, plain Mrs. Mortimer, remains perfectly unregarded

and unnoticed in the ball-room, as quiet and humdrum as if she were seated by the hall fire at Dolegelly Castle."

Hugh Montgomery, who had listened till his patience were exhausted, now started from the sofa, and closing the book he had affected to read, answered,

"Wherever Miss Llewellyn moves she will assuredly be noticed, not for ill-nature, affectation, pride, or presumption, but for pre-eminence in beauty, for grace, for elegance of manners, and for every feminine charm and virtue that should adorn and dignify a woman."

"So!" said Mrs. Montgomery; "now Hugh has made his speech."

"Oh! madam," replied Lucretia, "you need not be surprised at his eloquence on this occasion, when you recollect that Mr. Hugh Montgomery could always find perfections in every woman except the females of his own family."

"Aye, child, it is very true indeed," rejoined Mrs. Montgomery. "Hugh was always *perdigiously* ready to discover

perfections in other folks, though he was as blind as a mole to those of his own nearest relations."

"I most sincerely wish," replied Hugh, "that the females of my own family would allow me to find out their perfections; I should rejoice from the bottom of my soul to acknowledge them; but while I see them perpetually employed in scandalizing those they call their friends, finding their highest delight in pulling to pieces every woman of their acquaintance, allowing neither merit nor goodness to any, however deserving, I confess, though it gives me pain to make the acknowledgment, I can only find in them the very worst of propensities, envy, ill-nature, and all uncharitableness."

"Mighty pretty indeed," said Mrs. Montgomery; "so Lucretia, my dear, you and me are made up of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; however, it don't signify much what he thinks about us."

“ No, no,” exclaimed Miss Montgomery spitefully, “ Hugh thinks he hides the spleen of his heart by venting his vexation and ill-humors upon us: but though he does not chuse to own it, I can see plain enough that Miss Llewellyn’s refusal of him has mortified his pride, and that he wishes Henry Mortimer at the devil, though he thinks he shews himself a philosopher, by sounding the praises of those who have disappointed his hopes and wishes: however, I am not christian enough when I have met with an injury not to resent it. I am not hypocrite enough to appear pleased when I am downright angry.”

“ Nor shall I be deceitful enough to say I do not regret Miss Llewellyn’s refusal of me,” replied Hugh; “ yet, though she could not find her happiness with me, I shall still do justice to her perfections, personal as well as mental, and shall never to cease to wish her that felicity I was not fated to constitute.”

Lucretia smiled contemptuously. “ I

am not mean spirited enough to wish happiness to those who have paid no sort of regard to mine," rejoined she, " and I sincerely pray——"

" I shall not stay to hear your prayer," said Hugh, abruptly rising and quitting the room.

" There now—that is Hugh's politeness," exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery ;— " the men are *perdigiously* odd creatures. I hope he won't *partend* to set down good breeding among his own perfections."

The appointed day at length arrived that gave to the impatient wishes of Henry Mortimer his beautiful and long-adored Adeline ; he received her from the hand of her father, amidst the blessings and prayers of assembled hundreds, who had crowded in and round the village church to witness the marriage of a couple whose amiable manners and acknowledged virtues had rendered them objects of universal admiration and esteem.

Adeline went through the ceremony with apparent composure ; she received

the congratulations of her friends, with a smiling and seemingly happy countenance ; but no sooner had she retired with Eliza Tudor to dress for dinner, than turning paler than the white robe she wore, she sank upon the neck of her friend, and fainted.

Eliza with the assistance of her maid soon recovered her, and would have had her father and husband summoned.

“ No, as you love me—” said Adeline, in great agitation : “ my spirits have been much hurried, but I am now better, infinitely better : do not let them know that I have been ill : this day seems to give them so much pleasure, that I would on no account offer the slightest interruption. I was only a little weak and nervous, but I am now quite well.”

While she spoke the tears were chasing each other down her cheeks, and a universal tremor shook her frame.

Eliza Tudor, pretending she wanted something from below, dismissed the maid from the room, and affectionately

taking the hand of Adeline, said, “ And quite happy too, I hope, my dearest Adeline.”

“ I hope I am,” replied she, with a heavy sigh.

After a few moment’s pause, she asked Eliza if she could recollect the name of a romance she had once read a part of to her, previous to the review of the Scotch Greys at Carnarvon.

“ A romance ! why I have dipped into so many, my dear,” rejoined Eliza ; “ let me recollect ;—was it not called Fatal Obedience, or the Victim of Principle ? ”

“ The same, the same,” said Adeline, in a hurried voice ; “ step down to the library, Eliza, and bring me that book.”

“ Why sure you forget yourself ; you never read romances you know ; and, besides, you have not yet begun to dress.”

“ I have sufficient time,” replied Adeline ; “ oblige me so far as to fetch me the first volume.”

Eliza obeyed, and presenting the book,

said, " Really, Adeline, I never saw you in so strange a way before ; you absolutely alarm me."

Adeline affectionately pressed her lips to her cheek, but answering nothing, turned quickly over the leaves of the book, till she found the passage she was in search of, which she read aloud :

" When imperious love takes possession of the heart all its gaiety departs : to nights of calm repose and dreams of happiness succeed visions of terror and despair ; the bosom, once the mansion of peace and tranquillity, is tortured with an agonizing train of doubts, fears, and jealousies ; restless and dissatisfied, the mind busies itself with hopes that can never be realized, or in conjuring up misfortunes it may never encounter. Time ever passes too swift or too slow ; the meridian sun is darker than the noon of night in the absence of the adored one, and every passing hour is devoted to trembling expectation and harassing suspense."

Adeline let the book fall from her hand, which she raised towards heaven, while she fervently exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!"

Eliza, who had stood looking at her with silent wonder, now asked what she was so piously thanking God for.

"That I am not devoted to all this misery—that I am not the slave of imperious passion—that I am not in love."

Eliza, whose feelings had been so worked upon that she was on the point of weeping, now gladly dismissed the unwelcome tears from her eyes, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Laugh on, my dear Eliza," said Adeline, "and I will endeavor to laugh too. Half an hour ago I thought myself the most wretched of beings, because the quiescent state of my heart reproached me with not being in love with Henry Mortimer. I now most sincerely thank God that my mind does not feel the misery this book declares attendant on the passion; for how would it be possible to act rationally, to submit to the forms of

life, to fulfil the duties of one's station, if the mind, the soul was so filled, so occupied, so tortured?—I esteem, I respect my husband; and with these sentiments I trust we shall be happy."

A tear trembled in her eye while she spoke.

"Happy!" echoed Eliza; "if two such exalted beings as Henry and Adeline Mortimer are not happy, alas! poor mortality, who shall pretend to say they deserve, who shall dare to expect felicity?"

"I will never despise romances again," said Adeline; "for this I am sure has given me a consolation I scarcely hoped for."

"I never had patience to read one through," replied Eliza. "I love to laugh, not to cry; I detest scenes of horror, to have my feelings worked upon with fictitious distress: besides, when one comes to reflect, it is highly ridiculous to suppose a delicate, timid,

fragile sylph-like lady (such as an author invariably describes his heroine to be) should be able to encounter perils, horrors, and dangers enough to appal the fortitude of a hero, and fatigue the strong frame of a Colossus; not to say a word about their minds, which are always hung upon tenter-hooks and stretched upon wheels of torture. There is misery enough to be met with in the world," continued she, "without seeking it in books; and you know I hate scenes of sorrow, and always run away as fast as my legs will carry me from every thing that wears the appearance of melancholy and distress."

"Yes," rejoined Adeline, "but your heart does not forget to afford it every relief in your power."

"Come, bustle, bustle," said Eliza, gaily, and ringing the bell for her maid; "you forget that we are expected below. Lord! Lord! what would poor Seymour give if he were this day performing the part of bridegroom to that wild

rantipole, Eliza Tudor ! Come, come, Adeline, you forget to dress—you appear to forget every thing.”

“ No,” replied Adeline, mournfully, “ I do not forget that this is my wedding-day.”

CHAP. VII.

Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit. Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O ! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly ; that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover that stand bare ;
How many be commanded that command.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE character of Gabriel Jenkins was diametrically opposite to that of his sister : he abounded in the milk of human-kindness ; he felt compassion for human frailties, and forgave them : his heart melted at distress, and his hand relieved it whenever it fell in his way, without

stopping to inquire whether the object was deserving or not.

His temper, though hasty, was generous ; his disposition tender and humane ; and the bright drop that twinkled in his little grey eyes often contradicted the coarse speech that issued from his lips.

His understanding was tolerably good, but education had lent no aid for its expansion or improvement. Placed by Providence in a Welch village, behind the counter of a large shop chiefly frequented by miners and colliers, he had no opportunity of polishing his manners or cultivating his mind. The clerk of the parish had taught him to read, write, and cast accounts ; and his father had instructed him very successfully in the art and mystery of getting money.

His sister, to whom at an early age a legacy of a few hundred pounds had been left by a distant relation, was sent to a boarding-school at Carnarvon, where, if she did not become altogether as clever and accomplished in French and music as

her teachers wished, no one could deny her pre-eminence in pride, falshood, envy, and deceit.

The motherless, deserted Rosa Percival was most affectionately beloved by her uncle. Having in the early part of his life met a disappointment of the heart, he had resolved never to marry ; and being more tenderly attached to his niece than to any other creature in the world, he secretly determined upon making her his heiress. From the tyranny of his sister he often rescued her ; combated for her Miss Jenkins's meanness and parsimony ; and while he inveighed against the unfeeling conduct of her father, who had left her upon his hands to maintain, he took scrupulous care that she should be well educated, and that neither her wardrobe nor her purse should ever be sensible of deficiencies.

Mr. Gabriel Jenkins was in person a short thick set man, with a face as broad and round as a harvest moon, and carried before him a protuberance of sufficient

bulk to intitle him to perform, in point of rotundity, Shakespeare's celebrated and facetious knight, Sir John Falstaff, without stuffing.

Yet, notwithstanding the disadvantages attendant on excessive corpulency, when they left Glenwyn Priory he had bustled on at so prodigious a rate as to leave his sister, his niece, and Mr. Williams at least a mile behind him on the road.

The weather being extremely warm, in the course of his walk he had unbuttoned his white dimity waistcoat from top to bottom, untied his cravat, and pulled off his hat and wig.

In this situation, puffing, blowing, sweating, and covered with dust, he rushed into his house, blundered up the staircase, and bounced into the drawing-room, where he found two gentlemen impatiently waiting his arrival.

"Gad!" said he, as one of them advanced to meet him with extended hand, "gad! it is Edward Percival

sure enough !—But no, I shan't shake hands ; no, d——n me, if ever I gripe a fellow by the fist whose neck I should be glad to see stretched upon a gallows.”

The gentleman looked displeased, and in no very gentle tone of voice said, “ Sir, I don't understand——”

“ Yes, you do well enough,” replied Jenkins ; “ and you must have had even more brass than I thought you had, if you expected a friendly reception here : for who the devil and all his little black imps would have thought of your coming here, after being away so many years ? —Servant, sir,” blowing his nose, and making a side scrape to the other gentleman.—“ I surely supposed,” addressing himself again to Mr. Percival, “ I surely supposed you had quite and clean forgot there was ever such a country in the universal world as North Wales, or such a place as Birch Park ; though indeed, all things considered, I don't much wonder you should wish to forget it.”

“ You find, sir, you are mistaken

then," replied the person to whom he had spoke; "I have neither forgot, nor does it appear I wished to forget; though I must confess that Birch Park is so much altered, so wonderfully improved in every particular, that it is with difficulty I recognize it for the place where in my boyish days I spent so many happy hours—where I used to come a wooing."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not: we have made money, Mr. Percival, since those times, a good deal of money; and, gad! sir, we have made it honestly and fairly—not at gaming-tables."

"No, no, Gabriel, we know you made it across the counter; it came every shilling of it from the dirty, unsophisticated paws of colliers; it was never contaminated by the touch of a gentleman."

"Gentlemen!" retorted Mr. Jenkins; "pickpockets!—We are rich, and by our own industry, by the earnings of labor; and as Birch Park is not now the property of a paltry dirty shopkeeper, you may, perhaps, think it worth visit-

ing ; and, perhaps, too, your pride may no longer think it necessary to forget that Gabriel Jenkins is your brother-in-law."

" Really you talk very oddly, Mr. Jenkins—my pride !"

" Aye, sir, your pride ; that is plain English I believe. What but your pride prevented you acknowledging my poor sister Rosa for your wife ?—what but your cursed unfeeling pride killed her ?"

Nature would have its way : the tears swelled in his eyes ; but, as if ashamed of his weakness, he dashed them from him, and continued :

" Ah ! poor girl, if she had taken the advice of those who wished her well, she would have married an honest tradesman ; she might now have been alive and merry, and not obliged to her relations for keeping her poor innocent child from starving. But pray, sir, after never once inquiring after your daughter, nor letting us hear from you nor set eyes upon you for seventeen years, may I be so bold as to ask

what brings you into these long-forgotten and forsaken parts now ?”

“ In spite of your extreme impoliteness, Mr. Jenkins, I have much pleasure in informing you that I have at last buried my father.”

“ Gad ! that is mighty affectionate now,” said Jenkins, “ mighty affectionate indeed ! Only see the difference betwixt little folks and great ones : I remember I was so sadly grieved at the death of my father, that so far from thinking the laying of him under ground a pleasure, I looked upon it as the dismalest, heart-breaking thing in the whole world ; but then to be sure my father was but a poor man, and had nothing but a little small bit of a farm to leave behind him. But, gad ! I had quite and clean forgot my manners :—I wish you joy, sir, of the pleasure of burying your father.”

He now raised his hand to his head to take off his hat, but feeling his bare scull, he hastily snatched his wig from the seat of the window, where he had

thrown it on entering the room, and drawing his fingers through the curls, added, " You are now Sir Edward Percival ?"

The baronet bowed.

" Allow me to introduce my friend, Lord Clavering."

Mr. Jenkins wiped his head, clapped on his wig, and returned the bow of the peer.

" Being now uncontrolled master of my own actions," continued Sir Edward Percival, " I follow the wishes of my heart—I come to visit you, Jenkins, and to introduce myself and friend to Miss Percival."

" Well, Mr. Percival—gad ! I ask pardon—Sir Edward I mean ; but one cannot bring one's tongue to remember things all at once ; it will be a little awkward at first ; one cannot learn to speak new titles all in a minute. But I hear my sister, and Rosa, and Mr. Williams. Here, come along ; walk up stairs all of you," bawling from the

drawing-room door : “ come along, Rosa, my girl, come along ; here is your father ; and, gad ! you are as like him as if he had spit you out of his mouth.”

In an instant in stalked Miss Jenkins into the drawing-room, followed by Rosa and Mr. Williams.

“ Well, Mr. Percival,” said Miss Jenkins, affecting state and dignity, “ here, sir, is your daughter ; and considering, sir, that she owes nothing to the great family of the proud Percivals, considering, I say, sir, that she has been clothed and fed by the bounty and charity of the poor Jenkins, she does not look so very bad, does not cut so despicable a figure altogether as might be expected.”

Rosa, apprehending a scene of violence, had timidly shrank behind her aunt, and stood trembling, leaning on the back of a chair, nearly fainting.

Lord Clavering politely advanced, and taking her hand, led her towards her father.

Pale and weeping, she sank at his feet, while he with an unabashed eye surveyed her interesting figure through the glass that hung from his neck, coldly kissed her cheek, shrugged his shoulders, said she made him look d—d old, this was the consequence of marrying so young, but that, faith, she was a tolerable fineish sort of a girl, might be made to look stylish.

“ Rise from your knees, Rosa,” said Mr. Jenkins ; “ I guess this father of your’s is sorry to see you grown up a young woman ; but I suppose that is because he had not the pleasure of nursing you when you was a child ; but if he has any luck he may have that pleasure when you make him a grandfather. I don’t know what the devil he would have, nor what he means ; but I think he has every reason to be content.—He gets a child, and leaves other people to maintain it ; and when it is grown up to his hands without trouble or expence, he is not pleased.”

“ You are mistaken, sir,” replied the baronet, “ I am very much pleased, much better pleased than I expected to be ; for considering the girl has been brought up among the mountains, she is not so much amiss—she is not above half as rustic as I thought I should find her.”

“ Rustic !” screamed Miss Jenkins, reddening like a turkey-cock, “ rustic ! was ever the like heard?—Rustic, indeed !—Though you, unnatural wretch as you are, never bestowed a single shilling upon her, we have taken care of her education, and let her keep none but the very best company in the country.”

“ The best company !” replied the baronet, with a sneer ; “ that is the parson of the parish, the village apothecary, and the exciseman.”

“ What impertinence !” replied the enraged Miss Jenkins ; “ I would have you to know that the parson of the parish is more of a gentleman by half than you are, and as to the apothecary—”

“ Oh! d—n it, dismiss the shop,” said the baronet, laughing, “ and proceed to her education.—What does she know?—what can she do?”

“ Why she can dance,” said Miss Jenkins.

“ Good,” replied the baronet.

“ And she can play upon the piano forte.”

“ Better still,” rejoined Sir Edward.

“ And she can talk French.”

“ Charmont! bien allons!” said the baronet.

“ And she can embroider, and cut paper, and make artificial flowers.”

“ Pshaw!” cried the baronet.

“ Rustic! indeed,” resumed Miss Jenkins. “ I don’t know how she was likely to have a rustic appearance, when I always have the very first fashions that arrive at Carnarvon; and as to her behavior, I formed her manners myself, and I have been pretty generally allowed to be as well bred and as much the gentlewoman as any in all North Wales. I have been

at the greatest of pains, morning, noon, and night, to make her genteel, besides having taught her myself to spin, and net, and knot, and knit, and pickle, and preserve, and brew, and bake, and distil."

"Too many accomplishments by half," interrupted Sir Edward, "too many by one half."

"Aye, that is your thanks, your gratitude," resumed Miss Jenkins; "but I would have you to know that Rosa Percival is considered one of the most clever managing notable housewives in all the country."

"And to be so considered was certainly every way desirable," replied Sir Edward, "while she was only known and acknowledged as the niece of Mr. Jenkins; but in Miss Percival, the daughter of Sir Edward Percival, the envied celebrity of being the very best netter, knoter, spinner, brewer, baker, pickler, preserver, and distiller, may very readily, and without any sort of regret, be dispensed with: but come, my dear Miss

Jenkins, don't be out of humor ; I know we shall yet be very good friends : you mentioned the piano forte ; can she sing ?”

“ Yes she can,” said Mr. Jenkins, “ and sweetly too. I am sure she warbled *Ar hyd y nos* last night till she made me cry.”

“ Welch ! barbarous !” exclaimed Sir Edward : “ can she sing Italian ?”

He attempted to take Miss Jenkins's hand, but snatching it from him, she threw herself into a chair, and disdain- ing to afford him a reply, sat reddening with passion, and fanning herself with so much violence, as to threaten destruction to the delicate ivory sticks and painted crape she held in her hand. Rosa, confused and blushing, had taken a seat on a sofa at a distant part of the room.

“ Come this way, child,” said Sir Edward, drawing her towards the window. “ Come and answer for yourself—what do you blush for, you little fool ? Why don't you speak—have you got no tongue—can you talk ?”

“ Oh ! lord ! sir,” said Mr. Williams, laughing, and longing for an opportunity to speak, “ I have heard Miss Rosa’s tongue go nineteen to the dozen.”

“ Gad ! you are wrong there neighbor, quite out, begging your pardon for the boldness of contradicting you,” replied Mr. Jenkins ; “ Rosa never was any great things of a talker.”

“ So much the better,” said Mr. Williams, “ for when she is married, if she gives her husband the length of her tongue too often, why you know it will make things quite uncomfortable.”

The baronet darted on poor Williams a look of haughty contempt, and said, as they were then upon family business, the company of an uninterested person was by no means necessary, or agreeable.

“ Very true, sir, quite right,” said Williams bowing very low. “ I was just turning it over in my mind whether it would not be properest for me to go home.”

“ Certainly it would sir,” replied the

baronet, turning on him a contemptuous glance.

“ Well, good folks,” resumed Williams, “ I shall take my leave, and as to you, sir, as I have always been a well-wisher of Miss Rosa’s, and have a very great regard for her, having always thought her a mighty quiet good sort of a girl, I shall be very glad to see you at my little cottage, where I will do my best to make you comfortable.”

“ Really you are too condescending, *mister*—what is your name?” said the baronet sneeringly ; “ you do me infinitely too much honor.”

“ No, not at all ; not in the least I assure you,” rejoined Mr. Williams, “ I wish to shew all possible respect to Miss Rosa’s father, and as to this other strange gentleman (turning to Lord Clavering who stood silent, wholly occupied with gazing on the pensive downcast countenance of Rosa), Mr.—I don’t know what his name is, because nobody introduced me to him, but I shall

be very glad to see him too, to take a bit of mutton, and smoke a pipe, and be comfortable."

His lordship laughed aloud, while the baronet assuming a tone of command bade him begone.

"The gentleman you have just now taken the liberty of addressing with so much familiarity is Lord Clavering; and I fancy it is not very customary for persons of his rank and fashion to condescend to visit men in your station."

"But it is though, and they are glad to do it, and to stand bowing down to the ground, with their hats in their hands," said Mr. Jenkins: "at election times they will cringe and scrape enough when they want votes."

"Very true, Mr. Jenkins, very true," rejoined Williams: "it is not above two years since I saw a lord arm in arm with a chimney-sweeper cheek by jowl, as thick as incle weavers: and as for the matter of that, one man is as good as another as far as I can see: we are all

made of dirt and clay, and must all be relations, if we believe what is set down in the bible—for that says plain enough that we are all children of Adam, and in that case I don't see but what I am to the full as good as any lord that ever wore a head; for I am a honest man, and pay my way, and the king, God bless him, his rates and taxes: and I have always done it: no man can come to me and say I owe him a farthing: and as to my little cottage, why to be sure it is not very grand, not so fine I suppose as a lord's palace: but what of that, it is snug and clean: and if a friend drops in, why I have always a good bed at his service, and I always keep a fine Cheshire cheese, and a barrel of strong ale to make him comfortable."

"So you do, Mr. Williams, so you do," replied Miss Jenkins, "and for my part I don't see but what you are to the full as good as those who hold their heads much higher; and I have no notion of the airs and pride of Sir Edward

Percival.—After having left his daughter upon our hands for so many years, to take the liberty of turning up his nose, and affronting our friends, and telling them to leave our house; I don't understand such rude behavior."

"Gad! nor I neither," said Mr. Jenkins, "nor I won't suffer nobody to affronts Williams before my face, and in my house—as honest a good kind of a man, though I speak it before his face, as ever broke the world's bread, a man that has been my friend for so many years, and so fond of Rosa."

"Fond of Miss Percival!" said Lord Clavering, viewing Williams from head to foot.

"Fond of Rosa!" repeated Sir Edward, "he! that man fond of Miss Percival! speak, child—you are not fond of him are you? Why does not the statue speak—you certainly can never have been induced to encourage——"

"Yes but she has though," said Mr.

Jenkins ; “ she is very fond of neighbor Williams ; has always been very fond of him, ever since she could walk and talk ; have you not, Rosa ? Speak the truth and shame the devil : and why the pepper should not she ! her uncle’s old friend and intimate acquaintance, one that has always——”

“ Say no more, sir, say no more, I beseech you upon the subject,” interrupted the baronet : “ the silly girl has I find been suffered to imbibe precious vulgar notions, and to form fine attachments.”

“ I hope, sincerely hope, Miss Percival,” said Lord Clavering, “ that you are not attached to this man ? You cannot I trust, you cannot be partial to him.”

“ Indeed, sir,” replied Rosa, “ I have every reason in the world to be partial to Mr. Williams ; he has been always so good, so particularly kind to me, that was I not to be attached to him I should be the most ungrateful creature in nature.”

“ Silence, girl,” cried the baronet ;
 “ your amiable gratitude can be spared
 in this instance.”

“ Begone, fellow,” said he to Williams in a voice of fury, “ instantly begone, before I break your bones.”

“ Break my bones,” said Williams, “ staring at him with astonishment—break my bones ! what for pray ? Why this is talking in the wildest oddest way I ever heard in my life. Break my bones ! I don’t know what to make of it. Why what in the world—break my bones ! no man ever talked to me in this uncomfortable manner before : threaten to break my bones, only because when your daughter came a visiting to my cottage I always gave her the very best my pantry, and my cellar, and my garden, would afford : break my bones ! a very pretty sort of civil return that would be to me, for having on all occasions been kind to her, and trying to make her comfortable : besides, I don’t understand any man, if I

may be so bold as to speak my thoughts, taking the freedom of threatening to break my bones ; it would be but a very uncomfortable sort of a business I assure you ; and though I am of a very quiet peaceable temper, and not at all given to quarrelling and making words about nothing ; yes, sir, I say, though I am but a plain sort of a man, yet I shall not put up with an affront without resenting it."

" Oh ! for Heaven's sake !" said the terrified Rosa, " say no more : indeed you frighten me beyond measure ; pray, dear, dear Mr. Williams, for my sake, say no more."

" Well, well, Miss Rosa, don't be alarmed," replied he ; " I should be sorry to kick up a riot in your uncle's house, and very sorry indeed to say or to do any thing in the world to make you in the least bit uncomfortable ; but I don't know what I have done or said, that I should be threatened like a little school-

boy, with having my bones broke. I am not used, Miss Rosa, to hear such uncomfortable words."

"What have you done!" said the baronet, "have not you presumed to make love to Miss Percival?"

"He make love to little Rosa!" said Mr. Jenkins, laughing till his fat sides shook again.

"Me make love to Miss Rosa!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, staring round him with astonishment.

"A man, at Mr. Williams's time of life to make love to a mere child!" cried Miss Jenkins, drawing up her scraggy neck, and nodding her head; "that would be too ridiculous; I believe the man has more discernment. Lord! lord! what a strange out of the way notion! No, no," continued she, "I must do Mr. Williams the justice," at the same time briddling, and looking on him with a great deal of complacency, "to say that he knows better how to distinguish than that comes to; he knows

too well what will conduce to his future comfort."

"Well to be sure," rejoined Mr. Williams, "this is a funny kind of a joke sure enough. I have certainly always loved Miss Rosa from a baby, when I used to nurse her, and carry her about in my arms, and I never went from home but I used to bring her cakes, and sugar plumbs, and oranges, and them sort of niceties to please children with, and the little good tempered thing would sit upon my knee, and kiss me, and be quite comfortable; but as to making love to her in the way of matrimony, that is quite and clean a different sort of a matter: why I believe I am nearly old enough to be her grandfather."

Miss Jenkins bit her lips.

"And it would, as every body must think, be the foolishhest thing in all the world for a man at my time of life to think of such a young thing for a wife. Lord bless us! an old man that takes a young wife can never expect to be comfortable.

But good night, gentlefolks ; no offence I hope : I shall go quietly home, smoke my pipe, drink my glass of ale, and make myself comfortable."

Miss Jenkins went to see him out.—The baronet pushed the door after him with violence, called him an execrable boor, protested the fellow's vulgarity had quite exhausted him, and that if he had stayed much longer he would certainly have annihilated him.

"Gad ! sir," said Mr. Jenkins, "I must be so free as to say I think you take unaccountable freedoms on another person's premises—here have you, nobody knows why, or wherefore, affronted my very worthy friend Thomas Williams, and ordered him out of my house, with as much insolence as if it had been your own. I never saw nobody take such liberties : I never saw such rude behavior since my mother bore me, not I."

"All owing to your vegetating among the mountains, Jenkins," said the baronet

yawning ; “ you might have seen it every day in the week in Pall Mall, St. James’s, or any of the squares at the west end of the town. If you had spent your time among the fashionable people you would have known, that consulting your own inclination, using your own pleasure on every occasion, was the only way to be easy and comfortable, as your friend Thomas—Morgan—Powel, what is the fellow’s infernal name — has it — But come, Jenkins,” continued the baronet, “ d—m it, my fine fellow, don’t be sulky, for we have not met you know for many years.”

“ And if we had not met at all,” said Mr. Jenkins, “ I don’t know where would have been the loss, or the harm.”

“ The loss would have been mine,” resumed the baronet ; “ I should not have had the happiness of seeing you look so well, nor you the pleasure of congratulating me on my accession to my father’s title and estates : nor would you have known my intentions with respect to your

niece, the demure looking little Rosa there."

The gentle, sensible, Rosa started; she wondered what were his intentions: the tears trembled in her mild eyes, as she heard herself named by her father, who at this, their very first interview, seemed to regard her with perfect apathy, neither in his look or manner discovering the slightest emotion of tenderness, and who seemed to be too gay and fashionable a man to be troubled either with delicacy or feeling. Mr. Jenkins took off his wig, and stood for some moments very deliberately scratching his bald pate.

"Truly I have been thinking," said he, "that it is but a sort of comical, unnatural thing, to wish a man joy because his father has kicked the bucket, and got a wooden surtout: and gad! Sir Edward," blowing his nose till the room echoed again, "it is time you did think and intend something for poor Rosa, it is high time you did provide for her."

"Why you have provided for her,

have not you, my buck?" rejoined the baronet; "you intend leaving her all your fortune, don't you?"

"I don't know that I am obliged to give you an account of how or which way I mean to dispose of my property," said Mr. Jenkins: "I earned it by the sweat of my brow; I toiled early and late for it; and I have a right to build a hospital with it if I like."

"A right you most undoubtedly have, my fine fellow," answered the baronet; "but I hope to heaven you wont have such nonsensical likings, for d—m it, man, the money that people are silly enough to leave to public charities too frequently serves the perverted purpose of supporting private extravagancies; of pampering those who don't want charity; and starving the poor devils that do."

"Bravo, Percival!" exclaimed the peer, who had vainly been trying to draw Rosa into a conversation; "public charities are notoriously abused."

"No matter, no matter," said Jenkins;

“cheats in all trades, and as long as a great good is produced, we must not mind a little of the money going into the left instead of the right hand pocket; however, Sir Edward, it is nothing at all to nobody what I do with my own; nor, as what we have been saying, any thing in the world to do with Rosa. Ever since she was born, you have taken no notice of her, no more than if you had not known she was your child. She is now turned of seventeen years of age, and I must be bold to say you have most surely taken no small spell in intending——”

“Say no more, Jenkins, say no more, my good fellow; you shall very shortly be obliged to acknowledge the generosity and goodness of my intentions; you know during Sir Henry’s life how I was situated; you know I could not command a single guinea.”

“Yes,” replied Jenkins; “and I know that many a bright shining one you used to get from my poor sister during her

life-time; though you was ashamed to own for your wife the daughter of a shop-keeper, you were never too proud to spend the money that was taken from the dirty hands of the colliers."

"Jenkins," said the baronet, "I wonder among all the good things with which your memory is stored that you have not given King Charles's rules a place."

"My memory perhaps is like your's, Sir Edward, convenient."

"I know that; repeat no old grievances is your meaning? But this does not suit my fancy just now; I want to know——"

"So do I, what you intend giving us for supper?"

"Supper!" repeated Jenkins, "I was not thinking about supper."

"But I was though," replied Sir Edward: "I am devilish hungry; the air off your mountains is as keen as your wit; the one creates envy, the other appetite. You no doubt have ducks fat as ortolans."

"And chickens delicate as your beha-

vior," answered Jenkins, thoroughly provoked at his unaparaelleled assurance.

"Witty, egad!" retorted the baronet; "but delicacy with relations! Pooh! d—m it! that is quite out of the question."

"Gad! so it appears," replied Jenkins, "for your's has not much stood in your way since I have known you; and truly, if I may be so bold as to speak my mind, there is not over much of that same delicacy to be seen in a man's conduct who never came near, or owned his wife's family, when he thought their calling and sphere in life beneath him; but is ready to eat, and drink, and shake them by the hand, as soon as ever he finds out that they have money enough to place them above caring whether they have his notice or not."

"True Welch to the bottom!" said Sir Edward; "right Cambrian blood, hey! Jenkins?"

"I hope so," rejoined he, "and though

you, Sir Edward, are ashamed to now yourself a Welchman, I hope I never shall; and if I am hot and resentful, like the rest of the natives, as you are pleased to call us, I hope I shall not disgrace the character of the ancient Cambrians, by wanting either gratitude or generosity."

"That is an excellent speech," replied Sir Edward; "a very excellent speech upon my soul! Why, Jenkins, there is nothing about Birch Park half so much improved as yourself; why you are quite an orator. But when you were sounding the praise of our countrymen (if you will have it so), you forgot to mention one trait for which their characters have ever been conspicuous, I mean hospitality.—I hope my friend Lord Clavering and myself shall not have reason to deny you this excellence in common with other Cambrians. You have never yet asked us to eat or drink: but come, exert yourself, my good fellow, for we intend

doing ourselves the pleasure of taking up our abode with you while we remain among the mountains."

"The devil you do!" rejoined Jenkins.

"Yes, yes, we do," said the baronet. "I thought you would be offended if we went to an inn; and, besides, the distance to Rhydderdwyn being considered, the mansion-house is so out of repair, that I could not accommodate a friend at all to my satisfaction; and, finding that you have convenient stables and coach-house, I have ordered the servants to bring the carriages and horses here."

Jenkins turned up his eyes in astonishment.

"Aye," continued the baronet, "I thought I should surprise you. I am—I was always ready to acknowledge the family connection."

"Whenever it answered your purpose," interrupted Jenkins.

"How is your wine—have you any of the right sort?" resumed the baronet,

not appearing to notice Jenkins's interruption: "Clavering drinks Vidonia and Champagne—pink Champagne. Have you got any, my boy? For my part, I take Madeira with my dinner, and Burgundy afterwards. You used to have famous beds: no luxurious Eider down beds in Wales, Clavering; but the natives are notorious for feathering their geese, and goose feathers make a tolerable good bed. Tell us what we can have for supper, hey, my buck."

Jenkins was so new to this *sans ceremonie* treatment, so much a novice in this fashionable style of behavior, that he stood like a statue, almost petrified with astonishment. He saw with inconceivable wonder that Sir Edward Percival at near forty years of age was to the full as wild, inconsiderate, and presuming as Edward Percival was at twenty-one, when he won the gentle, susceptible heart of Rosa Jenkins, and persuaded her to a clandestine marriage; nor, considering the gay, dissipated life he had led, was his person

materially altered for the worse, for he might be still called remarkably handsome, and with a graceful figure, and fashionable dress and manners, preserved the appearance of a man whose age did not exceed thirty.

While honest Jenkins stood gaping and wondering at his consummate effrontery, divided between his affection for Rosa and dislike to her father, irresolute for her sake which way to act, whether to shew him the door at once, or to treat him in his own way, with dissimulation, his sister returned to the drawing-room, satisfied with her absolute dominion over poor Williams, and proud and excessively flattered with the important idea of entertaining a peer and a baronet.

She soon appeared perfectly reconciled, and grew into perfect good-humor, as Lord Clavering quickly discovering the weakness and vanity of her character, began pouring upon her a profusion of compliments, alike empty and insincere on his part, as undeserved on her's.

Miss Jenkins in the pride of her heart had often thought herself infinitely superior in attraction to her deceased sister, and had constantly cherished the belief that she needed only to be seen to be admired; and as she stood contemplating her charms at the looking-glass would pensively repeat:

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

And in order to obviate this, had made frequent excursions to all the wells and bathing-places in the vicinity. For years every man that had looked at her she had fancied smitten with her charms; every man that had said a civil word to her she had set down as her declared admirer; and when tired of her caprice, or disgusted with her malevolent disposition (which she could never sufficiently disguise), they were engaged in different pursuits,

or attached themselves to objects more amiable, she never failed to reproach them with breach of vows, and represent them as perjured monsters; or affecting to pity their disappointment, declared that having made a vow of celibacy, she had made them miserable by a rejection of their addresses. But now for the first time in her life particularly noticed by a peer, she seriously imagined her lucky hour was arrived, and that she was undoubtedly born to be a titled lady.

Full of this exhilarating notion, she assumed such youthful behavior, and made such use of her large eyes, that Lord Clavering, highly diverted, took every pains, by returning her glances, and pressing her hand whenever accident brought her's in contact with his, as made her believe he would assuredly declare himself the devoted slave of her beauty the very first moment she would allow him an opportunity, and grant him permission.

At supper she had profusely spread before them every delicacy that the coun-

try afforded ; and when the cloth was removed, contrived, by an inundation of questions, to put off the period of separation for the night, till Gabriel Jenkins, unused to be out of his bed after the sober hour of eleven, had fallen back in his chair, and with his mouth wide open was loudly snoring, to the extreme annoyance of his sister, who took infinite pains to apologize for his excessive rudeness.

In the course of their conversation at table the family at Glenwyn Priory were mentioned, and on Sir Edward Percival expressing a wish to be introduced to the nabob, Miss Jenkins offered to take them there the next morning, provided Lord Clavering would undertake to drive her and Rosa.

His lordship easily assented to this proposal, and Miss Jenkins retired to bed, exulting with the thought of making the proud Miss Montgomery almost die with envy when she saw the brilliant conquest she had made—when she saw

her mistress of the heart of a peer, and in the road to become not only a wife, but to attain the envied rank of a countess.

Rosa Percival had long been the admiration of all the young men in her vicinity, and two or three sons of gentlemen farmers in the neighbourhood of Birch Park had offered themselves to her acceptance; but their suits had been modestly rejected, for the heart of Rosa remained totally insensible to tender declarations, and continued entirely unmoved, till on her introduction to Hugh Montgomery. She found that she did not listen to him even on common topics with the same easy happy indifference that she did to the conversation of other young men of her acquaintance.

She now found that when a visit to Glenwyn Priory was proposed she dressed herself with more than usual care; that she counted every moment till they set off; and that after having passed a few hours happily with Hugh Montgo-

mery, she regretted their separation, and lingered behind to repeat "good night" again and again.

Yet the innocent Rosa never once suspected that she was in love, nor on such a subject had Hugh Montgomery ever spoken; he had scarcely ever paid her a mere passing compliment, yet there was something in his look, in his manner, that had captivated her young fancy, that had won her innocent heart.

When Hugh Montgomery first met Rosa Percival he was smarting under recent disappointment, he was suffering the pangs of despised love; his lacerated heart was filled, was engrossed by the divine image of Adeline Llewellyn, to whom indeed Rosa was much inferior in personal charms; but her timidity, her gentleness, the sweetness of her temper, her unaffected simplicity, her unassuming manners, soon attracted his attention, and won him from the melancholy that was spreading its sombre coloring upon his mind.

In her society he forgot the bitter pangs of disappointed hope ; he became easy and satisfied, without being sensible of from whence or what proceeded the charm : her voice had the soothing power of tranquillizing his disturbed and agitated feelings, and while listening to her artless observations, and answering her inquiries, his heart ceased to regret Adeline ; while conversing with her he forgot all seasons and their change, and found that though cruelly disappointed in the first warm wishes he had encouraged, that it was possible to admit a second ; in short, his heart, his feelings, his understanding, all spoke in favor of Rosa Percival's unobtrusive merits, her mild, retiring delicacy of character.

Present or absent he found that he indeed fondly loved her, but determined not to expose himself to the mortification of another refusal, the bitterness of another disappointment—he determined to restrain his looks, to put a seal upon his lips, and patiently wait till time and ac-

cidental circumstance should develope to him unequivocally her real and decided sentiment for or against him.

Lord Clavering had seen Rosa Percival at Carnarvon some months previous to his present excursion into North Wales. His lordship had in his way from Ireland, where he had large possessions, taken Carnarvon in his tour, and had encountered her at a circulating library, where he had by way of lounge been tumbling over books he never intended to read, and making inquiries, in the answers to which he was no ways interested. With true fashionable impudence he had applied his glass to the face of the blushing Rosa: he had stared her out of countenance, and made two or three fruitless attempts to draw her into conversation. There was but little to attract observation in the face or person of the peer; he had one of those common looking countenances, which, encountered every day, makes no sort of impression on the mind or memory.

Rosa, though much hurt and discon-

certed by his free manners at the time, had long since ceased to recollect either his person or his behavior; it had passed away and was altogether forgotten.

Not so his lordship: native beauty and pure unsophisticated mind, were phenomena that never crossed his vision in the gay circles of the great world: he was therefore particularly struck with the genuine manners, the playful simplicity of the modest Rosa; and in consequence of the deep impression she made, he took much trouble to inform himself of her residence, her name, and connections. It so happened that the person who kept the library, and to whom Lord Clavering addressed his inquiries, was a distant relation of Rosa's, a branch of the extensive family of the Jenkins, consequently perfectly qualified in every particular to give his lordship's curiosity ample satisfaction in the history he required: but it answered not his expectations; it threw a damp on the ardency of his hopes: he was greatly disappoint-

ed to find she was the daughter of his intimate friend Edward Percival.

That important discovery put an end at once to certain libertine wishes he had encouraged, certain licentious projects his prolific brain had half formed, for he found it would not do to transplant her from her native shades into a richer soil, unless as Lady Clavering.

Notwithstanding he fully understood the extensive latitude allowed to fashionable engagements, and the indulgent liberties permitted in modern friendships, yet he felt he dared not take advantage of the simplicity of a little mountaineer, whose father, notwithstanding the levity of his own principles, would not fail to resent the seduction, and seek revenge on the violater of his house's honor.

Lord Clavering left Carnarvon, and made a tour of the principality, in the hope of forgetting the charming little rustic : he returned to London, frequented every place of public entertainment, and plunged with greater avidity than

ever into the vortex of dissipated pleasure: but even there the image of the modest, the interesting Rosa pursued him.

Lord Clavering, the gallant gay Lothario, after having fallen in love an hundred different times with an hundred different women, at last found that Rosa Percival, little more than a child, had made so deep, so lasting an impression on his memory, that in spite of reason and remonstrance he found she was really and absolutely necessary to his peace; he resolved, after much debate between prudence and passion, to mention the strange occurrence to her father, whom he accidentally met at a coffee-house a few days after his accession to his hereditary title.

Sir Edward Percival, who knew the true character of the man, smiled at his declaration of love, which he treated as a mere transitory fit, the whim of the moment: but obliged by his earnest and vehement protestations to give him serious attention; he said he was sorry,

devilish sorry indeed, that he had not been favored with his confidence a few days sooner.

“And why sorry, dear Percival, why sorry?” said the impatient peer; “sure it is not too late for you to prove your friendship.”

“You shall hear,” replied Sir Edward: “having lost a confounded large sum of money to that inexorable dog Harry Osterly, I was obliged to mortgage the reversion of the Rhydderdwyn estate, and not being able through other losses to make the necessary payments good, the mortgagee threatens to foreclose.”

“Well, go on,” said the peer.

“Now you must know,” continued Sir Edward, “I have raised money upon every thing that would fetch a guinea.”

“Proceed,” cried Lord Clavering, impatiently.

“Nay, I am almost at the conclusion,” said the baronet; “the rest will be told in a few words.”

“ Sir Walter Ap Rice—” “ What of him? Speak, dear Percival, what of him?” said Lord Clavering.

“ Why,” resumed the baronet, “ he offers to pay off this confounded mortgage, and supply me with five thousand pounds for present exigencies provided he shall be allowed——”

“ What, Sir Edward, what?” demanded the enraged peer in extreme agitation.

“ To marry Rosa,” replied Sir Edward.

“ Hell! and ten thousand furies!” exclaimed Lord Clavering, starting from his seat, and pacing the floor: “ does Miss Percival approve him?”

“ Not that I know of,” said the baronet. “ I don’t trouble myself on that score: he has frequently seen and conversed with her it seems: his estate lies contiguous to Birch Park, where she resides with her uncle, honest Gabriel Jenkins.”

“ Break with him instantly,” said the

enamored peer, “ break with Sir Walter instantly. Rosa Percival shall be Countess of Clavering. I will redeem the Rhydderdwyn estates from the claw of the cursed mortgagee: instead of five I will present you with ten thousand pounds: and on Rosa I will settle Alberlay Castle and all the surrounding demesne, which is at least worth twelve thousand a year,” said the delighted baronet.

“ Bravo! my lord, you are certainly in love; there cannot be a loop to hang a doubt on, when a man resigns so much money to prove his sincerity. Rosa is your’s, and as to poor Sir Walter Ap Rice, why he must console himself under his disappointment as well as he can. The man can’t be such an egregious ass as to be angry, hey! my lord, when he hears how much the scale was heavier in your favor than his.”

The baronet immediately sent for his attorney: an agreement was drawn up on the spot between Lord Clavering and

himself, signed, sealed, and delivered, according to the established forms of law; and two days after the Earl of Clavering and Sir Edward Percival, with a splendid equipage, set off for North Wales to visit Birch Park, the seat of honest Gabriel Jenkins, and sacrifice the innocent Rosa on the altar of selfishness and profligacy.

CHAP. VIII.

When we shall meet at Compt,
That look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. SHAKESPEARE.

“Such is the end of guilt!”

Love and misery are closely allied,
Inseparable companions. Oh!
Beware how you give love a place within
Your bosom: once admitted, he introduces
Sorrow, anguish, pain, well if not despair.
The suicide! the self-destroyer! where
Shall he go? A. J. H.

THE pangs, the bitter excruciating
pangs, the indifference, and at last total
neglect of her once adoring and adored
husband, gave to the tender and suscep-

tible bosom of the beautiful Marchesa della Rosalvo, had yielded their poignancy to time and reflection; they had ceased to agonise and lacerate: reason, conscious rectitude, pride, had each exerted their influence to restore her to that tranquillity which his unprincipled, his profligate, his unfeeling conduct had for years deprived her of. To painful regrets, to tormenting remembrances, and torturing tumultuous jealousies, had succeeded resignation; a pensive calm, which though sometimes disturbed by a sign of retrospective sorrow, was always to be restored, to be wooed back by the fascination of books, of music, or the exercise of the pencil.

In the first months of their separation the innocent marchesa flattered herself that her patient endurance, her silent uncomplaining submission, her utter seclusion from the gay world, where she had constantly moved, and had ever been considered and courted "as the fairest of the fair," would have a due effect

and influence the mind and feelings of the marchese to do justice to her merits. She hoped that a proper sense of her injuries would touch his heart, which she still believed, though weakly led astray by unthinking youth and impetuous passion, was not vicious, not absolutely and irreclaimably depraved; and that satiated with wild and dissolute pursuits, and convinced of the impossibility of meeting happiness in scenes of riot and licentiousness, he would yet return a proselyte to her and virtue.

Unhappily for Celestina love had rendered her blind to the real character of her abandoned husband, he had no mind constituted by nature: devoted by habit to gross and intemperate pursuits, he understood not the charm of cultivated talent: he felt not the bliss of sentiment: delighted not in intellectual beauty: but impelled by strong inclination along the stream of vice and folly, panted only for fresh victims, was eager only for untried enjoyments.

At length, painfully convinced that she had nothing to hope or expect from the justice or humanity of the marchese; compelled, though unwillingly, to notice the enormities of his conduct, she ceased to lament his dereliction, and began to wonder how a heart formed like her's could ever have been attached to a being conspicuous only for low intrigues and disgraceful propensities.

Young, beautiful, and deserted, Celestina's situation was soon known in Palermo, and while some lamented her injuries and execrated her husband, others secretly blest his inconstancy, that gave them an opportunity of offering consolation to the fair marchesa, who no sooner re-entered the gay circle than she was surrounded by lovers; her ears were assailed with adulation, and her heart besieged with vows and protestations of everlasting felicity. Guarded by the deceits and disappointments she had met, shielded by scorn for the injuries she had sustained, if Celestina did not absolutely

despise mankind, she certainly listened to them with suspicion and reserve : as a woman her vanity was pleased with adulation and attention, but on her heart they made no impression.

Sleep, sweet and refreshing, again hovered over her couch ; her dreams were no longer visions of perjury and dismay—“ My heart,” she would say, “ no longer throbs with the misery of slighted passion. Man ! thy empire is at an end ; my bosom, now the mansion of blessed tranquillity, shall never exchange the peace of indifference for the tumults of love.”

In this happy state of mind the marchesa first encountered Horatio Delamere at a ball given by the Prince Notali a few miles from Palermo. The party she was with were not acquainted with him, and they continued strangers the whole of the evening, but she saw him gracefully wind the mazes of the dance ; she heard him speak, she remarked his intelligent countenance and his fine form, and a wish to be known to the

charming Englishman mingled with the enchantments of the scene: frequently she saw him pass her residence, without even suspecting that she was interested in the inquiries she made. She learned his name, his quality, his family, and that with his relations he occupied a palazzo belonging to the Count Lioni, on the other side of Monti Lioni.

Fortune at last favored her wishes, and she was introduced to him on the Marino; nor had he paid her many visits before she found that his society gave life to her conversation; his selection; soul and spirit to her music; and that her paintings without his praise were mere inanimate daubs. Alarmed at the emotions his presence occasioned, and the regret his absence produced, Celestina began examining the state of her heart, asking her emotions what they meant.

TELL ME WHAT IS LOVE?

Oh! if when ev'ry mortal slept,
And only silence vigils kept;
Oh! if when Morpheus o'er my head
The softest dreams of pleasure shed;

If midst the stary noon of night
 I wake from visions of delight,
 To gaze and think, my eyes are blest
 To see each planet sink to rest,
 To watch the east till early day
 Pours her first doubtful trembling ray ;
 To mark her fingers dropping dew,
 Tinge the light clouds with saffron hue ;
 While many a wishing tender sigh
 Will 'cross yon lofty mountain fly,
 Which dimly gleaming meets my sight,
 It's blew top streak'd with new-born light ;
 O ! if my pulses nimbly beat,
 If then my fancy soar to meet
 That form, which hov'ring in my dreams,
 To me all grace and beauty seems ;
 O ! if imperious in my heart
 One passion wild and lofty move ;
 O ! if it bliss and grief impart,
 Say, is that lordly passion love ?

Say, if at mention of a name
 My cheek with crimson blushes flame ;
 If at a voice my throbbing breast
 Be with such strong emotion prest,
 That in confusion sunk and lost,
 Breath and reflection both are tost ;
 O ! if when gazing on an eye
 My fainting senses almost die ;
 If when effusing heav'nly rays,
 I on those sunny eye-beams gaze ;

Their radiance pouring floods of light,
 Dazzle my reason and my sight ;
 If at a touch keen subtle fire
 Shoot through my frame and I expire ;
 In sweet deliriums, raptur'd bliss,
 Tell me, O! tell me, what is this?

It is not friendship's holy glow,
 That thus with transport fills my soul,
 That bids my blood impetuous roll,
 That rushing through my beating heart,
 Can such ecstatic joy impart,

As bids soft tears delicious flow,
 Friendship could ne'er thus wildly move—
 Tell me, O! tell me, is it love?

When evening's banner dusky gray
 Waves o'er the sun's departing ray ;
 When she with dew-bespangled feet,
 Glides slowly through each green retreat,
 And as her deep'ning shades prevail,
 Draws o'er each sleeping flower her veil ;
 If then alive to feeling's pow'r,
 I court the soft the shadowy hour ;
 If then enthusiastic hail
 The sighing spirit of the gale,
 That loves his flutt'ring wing to lave
 In the clear ocean's emerald wave,
 That wave, which shook with storms no more,
 Soft murmuring woos the distant shore ;
 If then emotions sad and sweet
 In my thrill'd bosom wildly beat ;

If then my eyes, suffus'd with tears ;
 If then a thousand hopes and fears,
 Should in my wilder'd fancy stray,
 And chase tranquillity away ;
 Ye that these mingled feelings know,
 Ye that from sad experience prove,
 Tell me, what means this joy and woe ;
 O ! say, are these sensations love.

Celestina was fated to discover what she would fain have hid from all the world, but most of all from herself : and that in spite of the resolves she had formed, and the woe she had suffered, she loved again, and with a passion more tender and more violent than before : in a moment of weakness she became the victim of her sensibility : yet though subdued, her virtue was not extinguished : she still felt the upbraidings of conscience, still felt the stings of humiliating pride.

Unable to conquer the strong and vehement passion that possessed her soul, she yielded all her hours to love and Horatio Delamere, while even genius and

talent became subservient to the predominant sensations that absorbed all the better qualities of her mind.

Though she knew and felt herself the sovereign mistress of his heart, the sole and undivided possessor of all his hopes and wishes, yet she was far from satisfied, very far from happy : her mind, naturally good and amiable, felt with poignant sorrow the lapse she had made from virtue, and even at the moment when his expressive eyes beamed on her the warmest emanations of adoration, when his arms enfolded her with passionate fondness, torrents of tears would burst from her eyes, and hiding her burning blushes in his bosom, she would exclaim, " Lost as I am to virtue, do not, do not hate me."

It was after an affecting appeal of this nature that Horatio, kneeling before her, her arms entwining his neck, was endeavoring to soothe the agonies of her mind by the tenderest assurances of unabating passion, of everlasting respect, and unde-

viating constancy, that the Marchese della Rosalvo burst suddenly into the apartment, his hair erect on his head, his face of the ashy paleness of death, his eyes wild, his dress spotted with blood, and in his clenched hand a loaded pistol.

For some moments he regarded them in silence, while the guilty and astonished pair waited in horrible suspense an explanation of his intrusion and disordered appearance.

“ See,” cried he, pointing to his wife, “ see another victim of my monstrous guilt. Celestina ! ruined angel ! if I dared hope my other crimes might meet with pardon, that look of thine, when we shall meet to render up accounts above, that look of thine would damn me ! Guilt is in thy face——and I, wretch that I am ! I was the cause ; for thou wert good, wert innocent, till I abandoned thee——left thee to seek in other bosoms the tenderness you ought to have found in mine.”

Celestina had approached. — “ Good God ! ” cried she, “ you are covered with blood ! ”

“ Yes, with Ruperto’s blood—the blood of my friend—the man whose purse and heart were open to me.”

“ Ruperto ! ” said Celestina, shuddering, “ sure you have not killed him ! ”

“ Yes, I have,” replied he: “ Ruperto waits for me in the regions of the damned ! Hark ! they come to seek me : the officers of the inquisition are after me. But this,” continued he, elevating the pistol, “ this shall disappoint them. Yet, Celestina, I would fain be forgiven by you before I die. I would beg you not to curse my memory. Though what does it matter ? ---the curses of suffering wretches cannot penetrate the grave ; they cannot reach the ears of those who led them into guilt, who brought calamity upon them. No, no, their maledictions disturb not those who sleep in death.”

Celestina had sunk exhausted upon a sofa, while Horatio vainly persuaded the marchese to retire to bed, and endeavor by repose to quiet the perturbation of his mind.

“ Celestina,” said the marchese, advancing to the sofa on which she reclined, “ Celestina, speak to me: promise me that when death shall have sealed my eyes you will retire to a monastery.”

“ And why,” said Horatio, “ why wish to extort such a promise? Because you have made life no longer desirable to yourself, why selfishly desire to bind her to seclude herself from that world she is formed to adorn, to quit those scenes she may yet enjoy.”

“ Peace !” exclaimed the marchese, “ peace, I charge you. Do I not know you have dishonored her? But abject, fallen as I am, I dare not vindicate a husband’s rights. Vice and a consciousness of crime make my arm nerveless. Celestina, thou art not to blame; none shall accuse thee; on me, on me falls all

the guilt: on my head retribution shall be asked for thy frailty. I have seduced the wife of Ruperto; he upbraided me with my crime; we fought—this is his blood. Celestina, to my black catalogue of crimes add murder. Ruperto and myself were engaged in a conspiracy against the Prince Oscari: before this his papers are seized, and ere long the inquisition will demand me: but never,” cried he, “never shall Della Rosalvo’s body glut their vengeance.”

Celestina gazed with terrified looks on the distorted features of her husband; while Horatio, losing in the distracted scene before him the remembrance of his own unpleasant situation, proposed to the marchese to seek some place of security where he might tranquillize his harassed mind, and elude the vengeance of the dreaded inquisition.

“And where,” cried he, with a look of horror and in a tone of despondency, “in what secret untrodden cavern, buried beneath what inaccessible rock; shall

I escape the retributive vengeance of heaven? Where stifle the upbraidings of a conscience stained with crimes---where lose the harrowing remembrance of youth wasted in infamy? Never till this accursed night were my hands dipped in blood; yet many are the victims that I with cold unfeeling barbarity have torn from fame, from innocence, and left to perish in vice and want. Yes, I have wantonly ruined reputations, have broken hearts: and, oh! Celestina," said he, with a deep groan, while he gazed with remorse on her pale countenance, "you, yes, you, whom heaven designed an angel, my crimes have made—but it is not yet too late for you. Your's, Celestina, is a venial trespass. Fly, I charge thee, fly the world."

The marchesa turned on him a look of unutterable anguish.

"Poor deluded wretch," continued he, "has destiny marked thee for the dupe of man? Do I not know thy mind too exquisitely organized to be happy.

When the grave covers me, which will soon be the case, should thy undoer marry thee, will that act restore the blissful consciousness of undeviating innocence—would it shield thee from thy own reproach? No, Celestina, his fondest attentions would still fail to convince you that she who had forfeited her own respect could ever possess his.”

The marchesa sank back, and covered her face with her hands.

“Peace, barbarian!” exclaimed Horatio, clasping the almost lifeless marchesa in his arms, “peace! do not commit another murder; do not deprive her of the only consolation your crimes and vices have left her—a confidence in my unshaken honor and my ardent love. Yes, I adore her; to make her mine by every sacred ceremony is the first warm wish of my heart; but be assured whenever she becomes my wife, never can Celestina be more loved, more respected, never can she hold a higher place in my esteem than at present.”

“Thou dost hear him,” said the marchese, grasping the hand of his wife; “thou dost hear this man, and thou hast heard fervent vows of love before; thou hast believed them too, and been deceived, deserted, left in the bloom of youth, in the proud boast of beauty. You must remember I so vowed, so promised; yet I was perjured; I, thy husband, the envy of Palermo. Nay, at the very instant I protested most affection, I ridiculed the weak credulity that could so listen, that could be so deceived. Hope not for constancy in man; possession palls the appetite, indulgence brings satiety, while woman fondly doats on him to whom she yields her charms, and every fresh enjoyment twines him round her heart with closer, tenderer affection: hence the mutability of man—hence his passion for variety, and hence the pangs that woman feels from desertion, from disappointed hope, from extinguished love.”

“But all men are not so ungrateful, are not such villains,” said Horatio.

“Their natures are but too much

alike," resumed the marchese, "and Celestina may again be fated to a renewal of the sorrows she has already experienced. We know not our own hearts : slaves of imperious circumstance, our passions are our masters, and as they direct, we plunge ourselves in gulphs of guilt, and with our enormities lacerate the bosoms that confide in us ; introduce into the pure peaceful mansions of innocence the destroying fiend, revenge, who with murderous sophistry persuades us to plunge a dagger in our own hearts with the fallacious hope of wounding those who have injured us. Celestina, I conjure you," added he, "by your hopes of future happiness, I conjure you to listen to me."

"No," said Horatio, "no, most adored of women, hear not his arguments, believe not man the monster he would paint him : all are not fiends : listen not to his advice, which would tear you from the arms of him who will ever love, will ever protect you. Attend not to the

ebullitions of frenzy, which would lead you to the cheerless gloom of a monastery, where all the tender ties of love must be dissolved, all the warm feelings of the heart be sacrificed on the dark altar of superstition and bigotry.”

Celestina pressed the fevered, blood-stained hand of her husband between both her's, and turning her tear-swollen eyes towards heaven, faintly uttered, “ I forgive you from my soul all that I have endured, all the sorrows I may yet have to endure : but if you dread pursuit why do you not fly from danger ? Oh ! begone, and in repentant solitude solicit pardon for your crimes : for me I am convinced this world has indeed no happiness, and I solemnly promise——”

“ Oh ! Celestina,” exclaimed Horatio, interrupting her, “ make no promise I conjure you ; enter into no engagements with this man. In what instance has he ever shewn himself your friend, that he should arrogate a right to dictate ? Why then should his wishes, his advice actuate you

to devote yourself yet in the bloom of life to seclusion and penitence? What crime loads your conscience that demands the sacrifice of your happiness and mine? Whose rights have we infringed?—not his, who abandoned them. Whose feelings have we outraged that we should be condemned to the misery of an eternal separation? Have you not a thousand times vowed to me an eternal love? What act of mine has forfeited my claim on Celestina's justice and her truth?"

"Remember, Celestina," said the marchese, sternly, "remember you are a married woman, and that no guilt of mine, however deep, will do away, although it may palliate in some degree, your failings."

"Reproach her not," cried Horatio. "O God! what crime has she committed?"

"Adultery," said the marchese, in a hollow voice. "Is it not a damning sin, Celestina? You have broken the vow pledged at the altar in the house of God;

you have committed adultery, and that one crime shall weigh against your thousand virtues. Haste from the scenes that have witnessed your guilty pleasures ; expiate by tears and contritions, by penances your sin."

Celestina shuddered ; a more deadly white settled on her face as the marchese fixing on her a frenzied gaze, and continued :—

" Oh ! add not to the tortures I am doomed to undergo in that world to which I am hastening, the horror of meeting thee amidst exulting devils, who in triumphant malice shall point to thy writhing form, and shrieking in my burning ears, bid me behold my work, the fruit of damned Rosalvo's crimes."

An agonizing shriek burst from Celestina : the picture was too horrible.—
 " Surely," said she, " I am not so lost, heaven cannot so have abandoned me."—
 Horatio would have led her from the room, but the marchese placing himself before the entrance, said : " Heaven abandons

None but those who are self-abandoned : for me, I am devoted, lost, sold to destruction ; the gates of mercy are for ever closed against me : but you, heaven may yet be merciful to you. Fly instantly ; I charge you fly to some religious sanctuary. Deplore your sin, supplicate heaven before it is too late. Save yourself, Celestina, from that hell to which I am destined."

" Oh ! Delamere !" exclaimed the terrified marchesa, " has love done this ? am I indeed reduced to such extremity ? am I a wretch whose crime almost excludes her from heaven's grace ? Is there no alternative ?—must I separate from thee, adored of my soul, or risk eternal reprobation ?"

" Is he not a heretic ?" asked the marchese. " Deluded woman ! what happiness could you expect with him whose faith so widely differs from your own ?"

" With what fallacies," cried Horatio, " would you bewilder her ? Celestina !

angel ! our merciful creator will not ask, among all the various religions promulgated through the vast extended universe, which he professed who performs his duties like a christian. Confide in me, my Celestina, nor doubt that God, who delights in the happiness, not in the misery of his creatures, will bless and smile upon a union grafted on the pure basis of true affection : let me lead you from this man, whose crimes have unsettled reason."

Horatio would again have led Celestina from the apartment, but the marchese forcibly detaining her : said,

"One word more : there is yet a woe you dream not of. Celestina, in every way you are undone : owing to a mistake in your settlements, I have had the power, aye and used it too, to sell the whole of your possessions ; the rich vineyards of Luscario, the flower enameled meadows of Poentia, the grove embosomed palazzo of Mervani, all are gone."

“ It cannot be ; it is impossible ; you are deceiving me,” cried the gasping marchesa.

“ No,” resumed the marchese, “ these are facts. You have nothing left, no not even this palazzo ; all is gone. I have played, gambled deep for some time, Ruperto has supplied the means of concealing from the world the ruined state of my affairs : I have murdered him, and now nothing remains for me but self-destruction : for you, Celestina, what but the refuge of a convent ?”

“ What indeed !” sighed the marchesa. “ Where now can the every way ruined Celestina hide her woes, but in the deep solitude of conventual gloom ? where expect a friend, unless won by penitence and prayer offended heaven compassionates her sorrows ?”

“ Unkind and cruel !” said Horatio : “ would you fly from him who lives but to adore you : whose heart, whose arms, are open to receive and shield you from each impending evil !—Let your posses-

sions pass away; Celestina's heart, her mind, are treasures richer than empires: Never more will we separate; one fate, one fortune, henceforth shall bind us: I am thine, my adored; I swear, solemnly swear, no power shall ever force me to abandon thee."

"Horatio! dearest, best beloved! it cannot, must not be; the ruined beggar-ed Celestina, undone in fortune and in fame, will not consent to blight thy future prospects: I feel it right as I have erred that I alone should suffer; heaven knows I love thee—fondly love thee, but we must part now, and for ever."

"Part!" exclaimed Horatio, "part! you cannot mean it! what power, whose voice, shall dare to pronounce our separation?"

"Mine," cried the marchese, "mine, her husband's!"

"Her destroyer's!" said Horatio disdainfully.

"True, most true," resumed the marchese. "Well, be it so; I confess my-

self a wretch most guilty. Yet, Celestina, I would, cruel as I have been, I would if possible prevent your future suffering. A moment, a little moment only stands between me and eternity: I would employ that awful interval in bidding you beware how you again confide in man;—trust not to his promises; remember he can smile, and smile, and be a villain!—take advantage of the present hour: collect your jewels; gather together what is most valuable to you, and while you are yet unimplicated in my crimes fly to the safety of some convent.”

“What has her innocence to fear?” asked Horatio.

“Innocence! every thing,” replied the marchese: “if once brought within the labyrinth of the infernal inquisition, she may be tortured to confess what she has never even heard of. Innocence is ever the dupe and victim of the designing and the wicked: successful villany lords it over the art-

less and unsuspecting. In the blood-stained chambers of the inquisition many an innocent has suffered for the crimes of others."

A noise in the outer apartment was now heard: the marchese stood opposite the door, holding the pistol pointed to his temple: "They come," said he, "the blood-hounds come: they think to drag Della Rosalvo before their high tribunal, by their accursed tortures to force his lips to criminate himself."

"O! why," said the trembling Celestina, leaning for support against Horatio, "why would you not escape while it was in your power?"

"No," replied he, "I designed to die. My fortune dissipated, my hands steeped in blood, I meant not to drag on a miserable existence, till destiny should deign to send me to the grave; no, I meant to seize on time, to burst asunder the links of being, to become whenever occasion prompted my own destroyer: the hour has arrived; one other moment

and then, ye devils, snatch your devoted prey."

As he spoke the door was thrown open : a number of men bearing the insignia of the inquisition rushed in: but before they could seize the marchese he had fired : the pistol dropped from his slackened hold, but the ball had penetrated his temple. He staggered towards Celestina, and fell upon her robe.

Celestina sunk on her knees beside him.

"Now," cried he, struggling for utterance, "now promise me to fly the world to seek for peace and forgiveness in religious retirement. I know my doom—it is in the burning caverns of hell, to dwell with fiends in everlasting tortures: but you—you may be an inhabitant of heaven. Swear to me while yet my soul is sensible of the consoling promise; swear to me that you will quit the world and devote yourself to God."

"Yes," said Celestina, overcome with

the horror of the scene, “yes, I swear I will fly the world. I will in religious seclusion seek the pardon of the God I have offended; I will cast all earthly passions from my soul, and from this hour devote myself to heaven.”

Horatio heard no more, a faintness seized him; he sunk beside the body of the expiring marchese, who, pressing the hand of the marchesa to his ashy lips murmured,

“I thank you, I die content. Celestina, you will keep your word: forgive the wretch who has undone you.”

His voice was lost in a deep rattling groan: the blood rushed in torrents from his wound: his eyes closed, and life was extinguished for ever.

In the first moments of recollection Horatio found himself in his own bed; he attempted to rise, but he found himself weak and ill; a confused remembrance of scenes of terrible import floated in his imagination, and Celestina, the adored of his heart, but lost to him for ever, ap-

peared arrayed in fascinating beauty, making those vows that were to separate them eternally.

Captain Lonsdale sat beside his bed, and from him he would have inquired where he had been, how he had been conveyed home, and what had become of her dearer to him than light or existence, the Marshesa Della Rosalvo ; but an opiate had been administered to him ; and before his understanding could take in the answers given to his interrogations, he was sunk in a profound sleep. Many days past before he was thought able to hear and bear an account of what had happened. During the suspension of his reason, he had been taken before the inquisition, had been threatened with the torture, had witnessed the examination of the injured Celestina, had heard his own acquittal and her's, had seen her tear herself from his embraces, and, faithful to the promise she had made the suicide her husband, devote the remainder of her days to that living tomb,

a convent. Lady Isabella and her husband saw his constitution get the better of the shocks it had sustained, and hoped every thing from time and absence ; they sincerely pitied the injuries and ruined fortunes of the unhappy Marchesa della Rosalvo, but at the same time secretly rejoiced that she had abjured the world, because they knew that Horatio's honor, independent of his love, would have induced him to make her reparation by marriage for the stigma he had brought upon her character ; they also knew that Lord Narbeth would never have forgiven his son allying himself to a foreigner, and by that connection breaking the line of Britons, which he for ages unnumbered had with national pride beheld sustain the honors of his house and name, a house much more famous for its dignity and worth than wealth. . The health of Horatio was in part restored, but his mind still languished with an incurable disease, love for Celestina : in vain were is unceasing in-

quiries ; she was hid from his indefatigable search, fled from his ardent wishes. He had added to entreaties large bribes, but no convent in Palermo owned the Marchesa della Rosalvo for its inmate.

Walking one morning in despair along the aloe groves that beautify the entrance of Palermo, Horatio, to his infinite joy, beheld the marchesa's favorite woman pursuing the path before him : hope again animated his bosom : he at last overtook her.

“ Tell me,” he cried, in a voice scarcely articulate : “ tell me, Olivia, where is your lady ? ”

For many moments the girl stood silent and irresolute, but pitying his impatience and extreme agitation, she at last said :—

“ And is it now, signor, that you inquire after the marchesa ? ”

“ I have been ill, deprived of reason, for I know not how long,” replied Horatio, “ but with the first beam of intellect

came the remembrance of Celestina, and I have never since ceased to inquire, to seek her; but where, answer me, I conjure you, Oliva—where shall I find her? Direct me to her.”

“I know not whether she will see you,” replied Olivia. “She believes you false, and under this idea has wept and suffered; has entered on her novitiate, has vowed to be a nun.”

“Oh, let me fly, to convince her she has wronged me! to justify myself, to snatch her from the sombre haunts of superstition, to life and love. Come,” continued Horatio, “name the convent that holds the beloved of my soul.”

“There, signor,” said Olivia, pointing, “there are the moss covered turrets, the spires, and the grey walls of the Convent of the Sisters of Penitence. There the Marchesa della Rosalvo has vowed to devote her remaining days to remorse and heaven.”

“It must not, shall not be!” exclaimed

the almost frantic Horatio. “ Her heart is mine ! heaven will not accept divided vows.”

He was rushing forward, and had nearly reached the mossy iron gate of the convent, when Olivia caught his arm.

“ Hold, signor,” said she, “ let me go first, and prepare the marchesa for your visit. She too has been ill, her health is yet delicate ; your sudden appearance would have fatal consequences.”

“ Go then,” cried Horatio, “ go plead for me ; tell my adored Celestina that never for a moment have I ceased to think of her—tell her I wait to restore her to liberty, to love, and happiness.”

Horatio seated himself under the feathery branches of a cork tree, to wait the return of Olivia ; he endeavoured to reason his tumultuous feelings to a calm, but every added moment encreased his agitation. The splendors of an unclouded sky ; the rich odour wafted from a thousand plants and flowers ; the situation of the convent, rearing its ponderous

sides upon a bold aspiring eminence, that commanded a view of the whole magnificent city of Palermo, and many leagues round its romantic coast; all failed either to command his attention, or still the convulsive throbbings of his heart. Suspense! expectation! agonizing situation! If there are moments in which the soul endures excruciating pangs, for which language has no description, it is when elevated with hope, sinking with despair, it trembles, glows, and writhes in dire suspense. Certainty, be it what it may, even though it annihilates our fondest hopes, our cherished wishes, is heaven compared with such a state of torture.

At length, after a tedious interval, Olivia appeared and beckoned him towards her. "The marchesa at first," said she, "was inflexible, and peremptorily refused to admit you to her presence; but when I described the illness from which you were but just recovering, the anxiety you expressed on her account, your impatience

to behold her, she wept and bade me lead you to her."

"Bless her ! bless her !" said Horatio, as he followed his conductor through the heavy gates of the convent, into a parlor wainscoted with dark oak, carved into horrible figures of grinning fiends, gigantic crucifixes, and expiring saints, across the floor of which was fixed a double iron grating, that enclosed another part of the room, entirely concealed from inspection by a black cloth curtain which hung in thick folds over the grating. "And is this the retreat of Celestina ?" said Horatio, as his eye wandered over the gloomy apartment ; "is it in this haunt of superstition that the beloved of my soul seeks peace ?"

The black curtain was slowly drawn aside, and Horatio beheld the Marchesa della Rosalvo, not as he was wont to meet her—her eyes, once so brilliant, were sunk and heavy ; the rich carnation bloom of her cheek was succeeded by a deadly paleness ; the luxuriant ringlets that used

to wave in glossy beauty over her ivory forehead were hid under the long black veil, and instead of the light transparent drapery that used to grace her fine form, she was closely folded in the coarse grey habit of the order of the sisters of penitence.

“ Father of mercies ! ” exclaimed Horatio, as his raised eyes encountered the figure before him, “ can this be Celestina ? ”

“ Yes,” replied she with a faint smile extending her hand through the grating, “ all that grief has left of her ; but seeing you, Horatio, knowing that you have not forgot, deserted me, will remove a load of anguish from my heart : to know that I am not despised by him who caused my errors will console me in the hour when renouncing the world I shall devote myself to penitence.”

“ Celestina ! you cannot mean,” said Horatio, “ you do not intend to renounce the world, to devote me to misery ? ”

“ No,” replied the marchesa, “ I mean

to restore thee to happiness, to dissolve those ties that would only wound thy fame, and entail disgrace upon thee. No, never, dear Horatio; the fallen degraded Celestina will not put thy future peace in hazard, having weakly erred, how could I hope thy confidence !”

“ Oh ! you have never loved me,” exclaimed Horatio, “ if you had, now, when each obstacle is removed, when not a barrier rises to oppose our happiness; would you thus wound my heart ? Oh ! Celestina, quit this gloomy monastery, leave these haunts of despair and let me lead you to felicity.”

“ Felicity !” sighed the marchesa, “ felicity is not for me ! Have you forgot the fatal night when I swore to my dying husband to fly the world, to spend the wretched remnant of my life kneeling and weeping at the altar of an offended God ! Did he not in his last hour accuse me of a damning sin ? Oh ! seek not, dearest most loved of men, seek not to plunge

me deeper in guilt, but here receive my last adieu."

"Never," cried Horatio, "never; that oath, Celestina, was extorted in a moment of terror; it is not binding in the sight of heaven."

"My purpose is unchangeably fixed," resumed the marchesa: "never will I break another oath. In the deep silence of the night I hear my husband's groans; his pale bleeding form flits before my dis-tempered fancy, and in every hollow gust that sweeps along the solitary cloisters I hear his voice; it sounds in my affrighted ear:—'Kneel, Celestina, pray for mercy!'"

"Sweet visionary," said Horatio; "these imaginations are the offspring of gloomy seclusion, of monastic solitude. Consent, my Celestina, to quit these abodes of superstitious terror; return with me to that world which without you will be a desert. In my arms forget the sorrows that are past, in my tenderness hope with confidence for happiness: why

those tears, that heavy sigh, that averted look ? remember how we have loved.”

“ Oh ! spare me, spare me the remembrance,” replied the marchesa: “ was our love now to begin, Celestina might indeed look forward to days of happiness, but never now, oh, never—yet why pursue a subject that rends our hearts. Heaven forbids our union ; an oath, a solemn oath has past my lips, I dare not break it, I dare not be again forsworn. Horatio, fare thee well ; in this world we meet no more, in the next our souls, purified from sin, may claim affinity with each other.”

Horatio prest her hand to his heart, to his lips—he dashed his head against the iron grating, and exclaimed :

“ I will never quit you. Obdurate, you shall witness my death, for never in life will I resign you.”

“ Be calm, Horatio, and listen to me. Never can I quit this sanctuary; my oath of seclusion has past before the high tribunal of the inquisition ; it is registered in their tremendous archives, and it is

recorded on adamantine tablets in the eternal courts of heaven. No, dearest, most beloved of men, I never can be your's. In a few days I pronounce the irrevocable vow that shuts me from the world for ever. I shall become a nun."

"O God!" cried Horatio, "will such a sacrifice be acceptable?"

"Yes," resumed the marchesa, "Heaven will accept the sacrifice of unfeigned contrition of a broken heart. Consider me as dead: mourn for me a little while, Horatio; for at the solemn hour of midnight, when my trembling knees press the cold marble shrine, it will be consolation to my heart to think that thy eyes perhaps are filled with tears proceeding from the same cause that calls forth mine; that thy bosom heaves the same sigh of sad regret. Remember me as one who but for love might have been respected, might have been most happy." And now pressing his hand to her lips—"Farewel for ever." "Yet stay,"

cried he: "stay, cruel as you are, and tell me why did you admit me if it were only to say that we must part for ever."

"I have indeed done wrong," said the marchesa, "and I deserve reproach, but oh! Horatio, forgive me. I wished before our eternal separation to hear thy voice, to bless my eyes with a last look: and I wished if possible to convince you that it was right that we should meet no more: here then let us separate: be happy, dearest Horatio; be happy, adored of my soul! nay, relieve me: in a few moments I shall be summoned to chapel: suffer me to employ that short interval in composing my mind, in fitting my thoughts for addressing the Most High."

Amidst the tears and ravings of Horatio Celestina tore herself away; she fixed on him a look of unutterable love and anguish, and was lost to his sight for ever.

At the appointed time the Marchesa Della Rosalvo, in the presence of almost all the nobility of Palermo, pronounced

the irrevocable vow that detached her from the world and Horatio Delamere; that separated her from the allurements of love, and devoted her for ever to penitence and religion.

CHAP. IX.



Alas ! at what age comes prudence ?

At the shrine of interest men will sacrifice their
principles,
Forget even honor and humanity.

How many victims, Love, dost thou demand,
How few allow to taste thy blessings? Better
Pleased to have thy altar bathed with tears
Than to see thy votaries deck'd with smiles.

A. J. H.



WHEN the company separated, Miss Jenkins sat a long time in her chamber, delighting herself with the possibility of becoming a countess ; in binding her brows with an ideal coronet ; and when at last she went to bed, the remainder of the night was past in projecting schemes of future grandeur ; in considering how

she should the next day adorn and decorate her person so as to render it more irresistible, more captivately handsome in the eyes of Lord Clavering, whose heart she positively believed had yielded itself a slave to her wit and beauty; in picturing to herself the astonishment of all her acquaintance, and the mortification of Miss Montgomery and Miss Tudor, whom she supposed her elevation, which she doubted not would very soon take place, would almost kill with spite, envy, and vexation. She thought too of the disappointment she should occasion her admirer poor Williams, who had deliberated and turned the matter over in his mind, till he had worn out her patience, and who she supposed would certainly hang himself, when he heard of her marriage with Lord Clavering.

The gentle, innocent Rosa Percival was also restless and uneasy; her spirits almost sunk to despondency, but from far different causes; no visionary schemes of proud ambition, no wild hopes of

rank or elevation, were rioting in her bosom ; no mean malicious desire of inspiring others with envy or vexation ; she was wounded, deeply wounded, by the gay free manners of her father, and still more so by his chilling indifference towards her : she had hoped to be so blest in his tenderness ; she had so exulted in the hope of parental confidence and endearments ; that the absolute coldness with which he received her at their first meeting had occasioned her so painful a disappointment, that her pillow was for the first time in her life wet with tears of heart-felt sorrow. She thought too of Hugh Montgomery ; she recalled with saddened pleasure the soft soothing tones of his voice ; her memory reverted to his generous mind, his liberal feeling heart, which she had seen evince itself in frequent instances. She recollected his elegant impressive manners, entirely divested of those ridiculous airs of foppery denominated fashion, and the warm tears of tender sensibility mingled with the

bitter ones she shed for the apathy of her father.

At breakfast the next morning Lord Clavering declared that he had never past so delightful a night, that he had reposed on roses and lavender; he extolled the coffee, praised the butter, and protested that North Wales was the garden of Eden, and that he was determined to pass a part of every ensuing year of his life in exploring its beauties.

Sir Edward Percival devoured the ham and new laid eggs with an appetite that told the keen air from the mountains had given him at last a relish for the productions of Wales; a country he so generally despised, and thought so extremely savage, that he seldom allowed any thing to be good that was to be met with in the principality.

During breakfast much skirmishing took place between Mr. Gabriel Jenkins and Sir Edward, whose fashionable inanity the honest Cambrian with much humor imitated and ridiculed, and whose un-

feeling negligence and indifference to his daughter he resented with feeling and indignation.

After the breakfast things were removed, Sir Edward sat sometime lolling in his chair, picking his teeth, humming a tune, and examining Rosa from head to foot through his eye-glass, whom he at last asked if she was dressed after the costume of Noah's wife.

“Not but the antique is now quite the thing: though egad, child, your drapery has nothing of the Grecian about it; it is as absolutely destitute of all pretention to taste and elegance, as if you had copied from a Hottentot at the Cape of Good Hope.”

Rosa's eyes filled with tears.

“Pshaw, girl!” continued he, “pritheedon't snivel. I hate abominably your pathetics—I detest and execrate a weeping beauty; besides, if you only knew how much smiles and vivacity were to be preferred to blubbered cheeks and red

swoln eyes, you would take care how you gave way to weak nerves, and excessive sensibility : the die away sentimental has been out a long time, is utterly exploded. The gay, the frolic, the spirited, the vivacious is now the very height of fashion. A female in high life would actually expire at the bare idea of being caught in the dismals. Oh ! no — a woman of breeding and fashion never sheds tears on any occasion.”

“ No,” replied Lord Clavering, with a smile, “ for she dreads to wash the circassian bloom from her cheeks, or to have it imagined that she has feelings in common with other people. But when once Miss Percival becomes acquainted with the haut ton, she no doubt will soon get rid of the sensibility you think so ridiculous and unbecoming.”

“ I fear not,” replied Rosa, “ if I am fated, my lord, to become an inhabitant of the great world, to mix in fashionable society. I apprehend that I shall con-

tinually be meeting incidents that will be grating to my feelings, and keep sensibility alive."

"I fancy, child," said Sir Edward, yawning, "among the rest of your accomplishments, Miss Jenkins has not forgot romance reading; but faith, you will find the high flown notions and sickly sentimentality that you meet with in books only existed in the poor devil of an author's brain, whose secluded situation, empty pockets, and thin diet, made him full of chimerical notions, and flighty imaginations, not a single iota of which will accord with the rules and usage of real life."

"What! Sir Edward," said Miss Jenkins, "do you mean to assert that feeling and sensibility are quite out of fashion?"

"With all but old women," replied Sir Edward, pointedly; "they may indulge in cant and whine as much as they chuse; but the young ones have better business to attend to—the Opera, the

assembly: no dismal faces there; each emulous to banish care and thought, and resign their feelings to be subdued or excited according to the pleasure of the magician whim. But come, my little Celia, or Delia," addressing himself to Rosa, "will you indulge me with a private interview? Why, what now (seeing a kind of hesitation in her looks), surely your prudery cannot see the shadow of an impropriety in a tête-a-tête with me?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Jenkins, "there can be no objection."

Rosa dreaded she knew not what, but she tied on her straw hat, and followed her father to the lawn.

"A very vulgar plebeian sort of an exercise this same walking," said Sir Edward, throwing himself at full length on a rustic bench, "and fit only for the robust herculean limbs of a native savage. I suppose," continued he, gazing round him, "the mountaineers call this a fine prospect, those cloud capt hills, and that expanded ocean? Egad, people's

tastes differ strangely ; for my part, I think Billingsgate or Saint Giles's a more desirable prospect by half. Heaven defend me from vegetating in these mountains, among these sublime views. But I beg pardon, Miss Percival : admiring the mountain scenery, I had really forgot you." Rosa courtesied. " That won't do, child : bending the knees is not fashionable : a graceful inclination of the body has taken place of that sort of thing ; but now as we have happily escaped the gogglers of Aunt Nanny, and the quite and clean gad of Uncle Gabriel, come here my little wood nymph, and make true answers to the questions I am going to propose."

Rosa's heart beat violently.

" How many lovers, my sweet rural deity, have you in this neighborhood ?"

Rosa stood silent, and abashed.

" Powers of fashion !" continued Sir Edward, " how the simpleton blushes ; tell me, child, ingenuously, how many of the natives do you hold in your chains ?

Speak, I command you ; how many do you set down in the list of your admirers ?”

“ Not one,” replied Rosa.

“ What ! has not Sir Walter Ap Rice whispered soft nonsense in your ear ? Take care, Rosa, no prevarication ; I expect sincerity.”

“ Well then, sir, to be sincere,” said Rosa, “ I confess he has said soft things to me, so very soft, that I can without the smallest regret dispense with his admiration. My vanity soars above Sir Walter Ap Rice.”

“ Some spice of spirit in that, faith,” rejoined Sir Edward, starting up ; “ that speech egad had nothing of the Jenkins in it ; that was true and genuine Percival. Well then, as you reject a baronet it appears quite unnecessary to question you any further respecting the noble descendants of Saint Taffy. Will any thing under a ducal dignity content you ? What think you of being a countess ?”

“ Really, sir,” replied Rosa, “ I have never yet had such ambitious thoughts.”

“ No ! why, when you considered that you were a daughter of the noble house of Percival, such an ambition would not have been so very extravagant.”

“ True, sir,” replied Rosa, timidly, “ but having been left so many years, my whole life, unclaimed, totally unnoticed by that noble family, I never dared to suffer myself to remember that I was at all allied to them. My uncle and aunt were so kind, so very good and affectionate, that I only imagined I belonged to them. And when you reflect, sir, how far removed from scenes of grandeur I have always lived, you will scarcely wonder that my ideas have dwelt on the hope of future happiness rather than grandeur.” “ Love in a cottage, I suppose,” said Sir Edward, with a sneer ; “ the peaceful, happy days of Arcadia to be renewed ; a flock of snow-white sheep, and a crook bound with wreaths of flowers by the beloved

hand of Corydon, sitting by a meandering stream, listening enraptured to the melody of his oaten reed ; moonlight nights, and the warbling of nightingales."

" Ah ! thought Rosa, " with Hugh Montgomery how delightful would all this be ! "

" But," continued Sir Edward, " allow me to inform you, Miss Percival, that your destiny points a different road. I came into Wales on purpose to claim and notice you, which family reasons had before prevented, to prove to you that you are allied to the Percivals, and to expect that for ever spurning the contemptible, mean, narrow notions of the Jenkins, you will act in a way becoming of your origin."

" Indeed, sir," said Rosa, " you entirely mistake the characters of my uncle and aunt, indeed you do ; they have ever taught me to despise meanness ; my uncle in particular has one of the most liberal generous hearts in the world ; they have

ever assiduously inculcated the best principles, the purest morals."

"Oh! no doubt they taught you to say your prayers night and morning, and not to pilfer, and not to tell untruths," said Sir Edward; "but did they teach you the duty of obedience—did they instruct you to honor your father?"

Rosa stood silent and embarrassed.

"I see how it is," resumed Sir Edward; "these kind, affectionate relations of your's have taught you to hate me."

"No," replied Rosa, "no, indeed; they have taught me to feel sorrow for being so long unknown to my father, so long a stranger to his affection and tenderness; but to hate you, merciful heaven! to hate my father!—Oh! no. And most happy should I consider myself, would you permit me to evince my love and my obedience."

"You promise well," rejoined Sir Edward, "we shall see. But to the subject that brought us here.—I have a

particular friend that is much attracted by your person and simplicity, who wishes to marry you."

"Me, sir!" said Rosa, trembling and changing color, "marry me!"

"Aye, you!" answered Sir Edward: "and pray have the goodness to inform me is there any thing so extremely terrible in the idea of matrimony, that you should turn as pale as a ghost at the bare mention of it."

"Indeed, sir, I don't know—I really cannot tell," stammered Rosa.

"Nobody supposes that you do know, or that you can tell," resumed Sir Edward, "but remember, Miss Percival, I informed you before that it was not fashionable to betray emotions on any subject whatever, particularly on one of so little importance as matrimony."

"Little importance!" replied Rosa; "I should suppose it the most important, most momentous event that could possibly take place in a person's whole lifetime."

“ All owing to the prejudice of education,” said Sir Edward ; “ entirely owing to your having been brought up among the mountains. With people of enlightened understandings in the fashionable world marriage is considered as a mere matter of convenience ; they agree to unite their estates, and that is I believe, generally speaking, the only union that is thought of.”

“ Amazing !” exclaimed Rosa.

Sir Edward laughed aloud. “ What you, my little sentimentalist, you supposed that like the heroine in your favorite romance, every body married for downright love.”

“ And what other motive,” asked Rosa, “ can be sufficiently weighty to induce people to pronounce vows that bind them together for life ?”

“ Interest, child, interest,” rejoined Sir Edward, “ or convenience ; in either case people who know the world make no scruple of pronouncing vows which they break with as little scruple whenever

they find them a bar in the way either of their pleasure or promotion."

" Good God !" said Rosa, " how profligate !"

" Very true, my little puritan," replied Sir Edward ; " but yet this wickedness against which you complain is not without its opposite good. What would become of Doctor's Commons if there were no divorces ?—a general evil is after all of general utility, like a pestilential disease, that while it sweeps hundreds to the grave enriches the families of the whole tribe of Galen and Hippocrates. Love, child, is a very capricious deity, and seldom interferes in matrimonial ceremonies ; he spreads his light wings, and leaves Master Plutus with his heavy bags of gold to settle the preliminaries between the affianced pair, who care as little for each other as you do for the pope."

" I am sure," said Rosa, " no motive of interest would ever induce me to promise to love where my heart felt no preference."

“ Have a care, Rosa,” rejoined Sir Edward : “ a splendid match now offers, an alliance desirable in every particular ; you would not be so mad, so blind to your own good, so cruel to me, as to reject it, and deny yourself the power to extricate me from embarrassments of a very unpleasant nature. From various causes, too tedious to enter upon now, my estates are all deeply mortgaged. I scarcely know how or where to raise a single guinea ; and now, Rosa, now is the time for you to prove the love and the obedience you have promised. My friend Lord Clavering loves you.”

“ Loves me !” exclaimed Rosa, almost breathless, “ loves me !—Lord Clavering !”

“ Aye, Lord Clavering,” resumed Sir Edward, affecting not to notice her agitation. “ Lord Clavering generously offers to take you without a shilling, and to remove all my difficulties.”

“ Indeed, sir, I am extremely sorry,” said Rosa.

“ Sorry ! for what ? ” interrupted Sir Edward—“ sorry that I have a friend who will assist me in my embarrassments—sorry that a brilliant opportunity occurs of removing you from a situation where your life must have drawled out in one continued round of sameness, where the chief of your pleasures must have been comprised in playing at hunt the slipper or blindman’s buff at Christmas, or the sober delight of a game at whist or Pope Joan ; now you may, if you don’t mar your own fortune, be translated to scenes of gaiety and splendor, to all the luxuries and joys of fashionable life ; dress, routs, balls, masquerades, place, precedence, noise, admiration, bustle.”

“ I fear, sir,” said Rosa, “ I am not calculated by nature to support the character of a fine lady: My habits and inclinations, like my education, are all simple. Rosa Percival among her native mountains may be able to sustain her part with propriety, but in the circles of fashion, in the giddy routine of pleasures and

amusements you have mentioned I should be lost, bewildered, and by my ignorance and inaptitude only reflect disgrace on those who introduced me."

"Never fear, my little timidity," said Sir Edward, "my Lord Clavering will see to have you properly documented; in fact no man on earth is better calculated than himself to give the last polish to high breeding; his rank in life, the company he keeps, among which he is the decider on all fashionable points—his notice I say is quite sufficient to stamp elegance, to give the lustre of the diamond even to a rough pebble. He is all impatience to have the marriage concluded; he will then take you to one of his seats, where during the honeymoon he will instruct you in the arcanum of *bon ton*, and then in winter the Countess of Clavering will burst upon the world in all the dazzling blaze of elegance and fashion. Your settlement will be a noble mansion and twelve thousand pounds a year. But to let you into a trifling

secret, he is so deeply enamoured of you, my sweet blushing Hamadryad, that you may bring him to what conditions you please, you may have what settlement you think proper."

"Me make conditions! Good God! —Me talk about settlements!" said Rosa.

"And why not?" rejoined Sir Edward: "when once you commence a woman of the world you will have occasions for cash that at present don't enter that silly brain of thine. Take my word, who am more experienced in these matters, that you will find the felicity of having a handsome allowance of pin-money, and the supreme blessing of a good fat jointure. At present, my little novice, you do not seem to understand the value of money; but once entered into the amusements of fashionable people, if you should be led to play high, to gamble——"

"Gamble!" interrupted Rosa; "surely, my dear sir, no person who gambles can possibly be said to understand he value

of money ; if they did, certainly they would never hazard its loss on the turning up of a card, or the rattle of dice.— Besides, sir, a female gamester—the very idea in my opinion is horrible ; that one vice I should imagine is the introduction to many more.”

“ I have nothing to say in its favor or its defence,” replied Sir Edward, shrugging his shoulders ; “ but this I know, it is utterly impossible to live in the great world without conforming in some measure with the habits and wishes of those you associate with, consequently money is the grand desideratum ; for though you may for a time stop the mouths of your impertinent troublesome tradespeople with promises, you will find that there are certain fashionable expences and demands which your purse must always answer with prompt payment. However, as I said before, Lord Clavering is a most generous liberal character, and as his wife I dare say you

will never experience the chagrin of pecuniary difficulties."

"Pardon me, sir," said Rosa, "but I never can be the wife of Lord Clavering."

"Not the wife of Lord Clavering!" repeated Sir Edward, in a tone of astonishment and displeasure: "and pray, Miss Percival, may I take the liberty of requesting to be informed why not?"

"A variety of reasons might be adduced," replied Rosa, "but two may serve for sufficient objections: in the first place, he is more than old enough to be my father; in the next, I feel no sort of preference for him."

"As to his age, child," said Sir Edward, "that cannot possibly be an objection, *tout au contraire*, it is a matter quite in your favor."

"In my favor!" rejoined Rosa.

"Undoubtedly," continued Sir Edward; "you have the happy prospect of being a widow much sooner than if you

married a younger man ; and let me tell you, a rich young widow is a situation the most enviable, the most desirable of any in life ; egad, I know many wives at this moment who would consider no possible event so felicitous as that of putting on weeds, and placing a hatchment over their doors."

" I hope to Heaven, whenever I marry," replied Rosa, " that I shall never have occasion to wish myself a widow."

" As to your wishes, or those of any other romantic girl of seventeen," said Sir Edward, " it would be folly in the extreme to attempt at guessing them : but if you have any real notion of prudence and propriety, you will allow your wishes to be regulated and directed by those whose experience and knowledge of life renders them the properest guides for ignorant youth ; and as to your not feeling a preference for the Earl of Clavering, pray may I presume to ask, have

you any tender wishes; do you feel a preference for any other?"

Rosa cast down her eyes, and blushed scarlet deep.

"Egad, child," continued Sir Edward, regarding her with an eye of scrutiny, "your pure and eloquent blood speaks plainly; those deep blushes tell tales. I fear some Adonis of the woods has put thy little heart in a state of requisition: but if this is really the lamentable case, your reddening must have supplied you with sufficient examples of disappointments in first love; it is quite in the romance style. I think some one of our poets says that the course of true love never did run smooth: but I have no brain for these matters. I shall only observe, that marrying with a preference is quite obsolete, not the order of the day, as much out of date as the wide hoop' and sugar loaf tete of your grandmother; an old fashioned principle that the disciples of the new school turn their

backs upon as gothic and unenlightened. Nothing in nature could be more conspicuously silly, or would be more ridiculed among people of a certain rank than the folly of marrying for love."

"Then pray, sir," asked Rosa, "what is to excuse the folly of Lord Clavering wishing to become my husband, as you have just now informed me he has nothing to expect on the score of fortune?"

"He is immensely rich," replied Sir Edward, "and can afford to indulge his fancies; besides he wants an heir to his title and possessions; however, his folly, if you have so little vanity as to give his love for you so harsh a name, is quite apropos for me, who have a pressing occasion for his money; it does not signify a straw whether you like him or not: all I request is that you will marry him. I am not such a Turk as to insist upon your loving him. He only asks permission to evince his adoration of you, by bestowing his title and a large portion

of his possessions on you and me: and surely, Rosa, you will not be such an idiot as to decline such advantages; refuse being a countess, because you are not foolishly in love with the man."

Rosa attempted to speak, but could not utter a syllable; she sat down on the bench, and burst into tears.

"Miss Percival," said Sir Edward, "this childish behavior displeases me. Once again I assure you I detest weeping and wailing: nothing can be more annoying and disagreeable: don't be so extravagant as to throw away your liquid pearls upon me, on whom they have not the smallest effect: what! I suppose you have exchanged mutual vows—sworn eternal constancy to some swain of these Alpine heights, some Welch booby; but if you have, child, break them, break them. Jove laughs at lover's perjuries: throw all the sin on my shoulders, I am content to bear it all—attribute your change of sentiment to my inflexibility:

say fathers have flinty hearts, no prayers can move them. Say you are the victim of my peremptory commands; represent me in any way you like, only oblige me by marrying Lord Clavering."

"Thank Heaven! there is no occasion for me to represent my father as a monster," said Rosa. "Indeed, sir, you are mistaken, I have given no promise, exchanged no vows."

"I am glad of it with all my soul; but here comes aunt Nanny, full of curiosity, longing to know the purport of our long conference. At present let the subject drop; only remember that it is my particular request and command that you give Lord Clavering's addresses such a hearing and acceptance as becomes the promise you just now volunteered to me of love and obedience."

During the absence of Sir Edward and Rosa, Gabriel Jenkins had strayed to Woodland Cottage, to visit and talk over

the strange conduct of his brother-in-law with his friend Williams, and to apologize for Sir Edward's rude behavior on the preceding night; and Miss Jenkins had to her very great delight been left alone with Lord Clavering, who she anxiously hoped, and indeed supposed would take advantage of the present favorable opportunity, and declare himself, what she wished, her ardent lover.

His lordship, however, to her infinite disappointment seemed not to think of love, and only talked of the fineness of the weather, of the beautiful situation of Birch Park, and what families of rank and consequence resided in the neighborhood; to all which Miss Jenkins had constrained herself to answer with politeness, though with no small degree of internal vexation and impatience.

At last his lordship observed, if any estate within a few miles of Canarvon was to be disposed of he should like to become a purchaser.

Miss Jenkins's hopes revived, while she asked, "Why has your lordship any notion of residing in Wales?"

"No, madam, not absolutely of residing," replied his lordship; "but there is plenty of game in the country, and as I am a sportsman, I should like to have a hunting-lodge; besides it is my intention to take a Welch wife, and she perhaps may have a wish now and then to visit her native mountains, and the companions of her youth."

Miss Jenkins now certainly supposed herself near the point. She affected to blush and look confused, while with a faltering voice she replied: "I am sure, quite certain, that whoever your lordship does the honor of selecting for a wife will be extremely happy."

"I hope so," rejoined Lord Clavering; "I would wish to do all in my power to make her so."

"Your lordship is so good, so considerate, so extremely liberal, there can be

no doubt of her felicity ; and then your lordship's figure—so noble—”

His lordship bowed to the compliment.

“ So very handsome a man.”

Lord Clavering bowed still lower.

“ In manner so extremely fascinating and elegant.”

The peer stared Miss Jenkins full in the face, while she continued to say, with a half-smothered sigh, “ For my part I know no woman whose heart could possibly be proof against your lordship's solicitations.”

Their eyes met. His lordship took the passive hand of Miss Jenkins, and led her to the sofa.

“ Now,” thought she, “ now comes the moment of eclaireissement, the declaration of his love.”

Her color was heightened ; expectation gave fiercer fire to her large dark eyes, and her frame shook with a tremor which his lordship instantly mistook the meaning of.

He was a man of intrigue, and thought that in so remote a part of the country, where good-natured females are not so easy of access as in London, that her's was an invitation not to be refused, and the present an opportunity not to be neglected.

With these ideas he made pretty free with the lips of Miss Jenkins, whose struggles his lordship set down to the score of affectation, and impressed with this notion would have proceeded to greater freedoms.

To allow these was not, however, Miss Jenkins's plan. She remembered former errors and former disappointments, and she resolved never to let the warmth of her constitution condemn her to single blessedness. Her intention was to be Countess of Clavering ; and in order to give him an exalted opinion of her immaculate purity, she repulsed his liberties with all the indignation of insulted virtue.

His lordship was not prepared for a

behavior of this sort. Her conduct at the supper-table the preceding-night, and her remaining alone with him that morning, had been construed by him into pretty plain indications of her wish to engage him in an affair of gallantry.

“ I declare, my lord,” cried Miss Jenkins, affecting to shed tears, “ I declare I am astonished at your rude behavior. What on earth do you take me for ? ”

“ A woman, certainly,” replied Lord Clavering ; “ and I hoped a woman of feeling.”

“ Yes, my lord, I would wish to be thought a woman of feeling, but feeling may carry people beyond discretion. I hope you don’t suspect my virtue.”

“ Virtue ! nonsense ! ” replied Lord Clavering.

“ No, my lord,” resumed Miss Jenkins, “ virtue is not nonsense ; it is the greatest treasure a woman can possess ; and a gentleman sometimes wishes to make himself certain that a lady really

possesses it, before he makes her his wife, and to be sure she is not worthy the honor of being elevated to superior rank, if she is not capable of resisting attempts against her honor, however much she may be in love with his person who puts her chastity to the trial."

A very small portion of this eloquent speech had met his lordship's ear, who had moved from the sofa to the window which faced the lawn, where he stood observing a horse, a new purchase, which was for the first time to run in the barouche, and his attention was entirely occupied by him; turning to Miss Jenkins, without at all adverting to the scene that had just passed, he merely said:

"I think I last night promised to take you and Miss Percival an airing this morning; pray, madam, will you do me the favor to let some of your people inform her, that the carriage waits her pleasure?"

Miss Jenkins quitted the room to seek Rosa, not much satisfied with Lord Cla-

vering's behavior, though convinced that she had left him fully impressed with the highest respect for her unconquerable virtue, and greatly wondering that he had not offered her an apology for his rudeness, and declared his honorable intentions towards her. His lordship also wondered what she could mean, for it never once entered his imagination that she had intended him the honor of her fair hand.

“Mercy on us !” said he, reverting to her strange behavior ; “have we coquets among the mountains, and at her age too ?”

Sir Edward Percival attended Miss Jenkins and Rosa to the house, so that had her thoughts been less occupied with the scene she had just borne so considerable a part in, she would have found no opportunity of questioning her niece on the subject of her conference with her father. Lord Clavering, as he handed Rosa into the barouche, observed that she looked serious, and expressed his

wishes that nothing unpleasant had occurred. Sir Edward prevented her reply, by saying that he had been proposing a subject to her consideration, which young ladies always affected to receive seriously.

“What is that,” asked Miss Jenkins, “if it is not a secret?”

“No, not a secret,” replied Sir Edward, “but I dare say you can guess. What is it you most wish for, yet dread you will never obtain?”

“O! Sir,” replied she, “I am not good at solving riddles, besides I don’t know that I am particularly anxious after any thing.”

“Yes you are,” said Sir Edward, “you pray for it on your bare knees every night and morning—a husband.”

“A husband!” replied Miss Jenkins, tossing her head; “I need not have rejected so many good offers if I had wished to change my condition.”

“Well, as you decline matrimony on your own account, what think you of

dancing at Rosa's wedding, hey, my old maid."

"Old maid! old maid!" repeated Miss Jenkins, darting on him a glance of spite and fury. "Old maid! really, Sir Edward, I should never have supposed a man of your politeness would have thought of addressing me in that rude manner: old, indeed!"

"Egad, I beg pardon," rejoined Sir Edward, "sure enough we have no old women now; this is the roseate age of youth and beauty; not of wrinkles, but of smiles and dimples. A woman at forty now a days contrives to have all the bloom and elasticity of a Hebe."

"I hope, Sir Edward, you don't mean to insinuate that I am forty?" said Miss Jenkins, vexed to the soul to have her age canvassed before Lord Clavering.

"Why no," replied he, "I do not intend an insinuation at all; I know that you are a few years above forty, though I again entreat pardon for the extreme rudeness of contradicting a lady; but I

am such a worshipper of truth, that I am obliged to speak my real sentiments, even if I risque the incurring her displeasure."

"I suppose it is the fashion to be quite a brute," rejoined the enraged Miss Jenkins; "I protest, my lord, I protest on the word of a woman of honor, I have never yet seen thirty. I forty years of age, indeed! do I look like a woman of forty?"

"Certainly not, madam," replied the polite Lord Clavering. O, fie! Sir Edward, a lady's age ought never to be touched upon."

"No faith," said Sir Edward, laughing; "they are even more tenacious of that than they are of their reputations."

While this conversation passed, Rosa had sat silent, buried in thought of her father's principles; his late conversation had given her no very exalted opinion. In Lord Clavering she fancied she discovered an air of libertinism, that the

purity of her mind shrunk from, and she sincerely wished that he had conferred the honor of his preference on some other rather than her, whose affections, already engaged, had not even esteem to bestow upon him. For the rank to which he could raise her, she had not a wish—not the smallest inclination to be distinguished among the fashionable flatterers, who seek notoriety at the expence of nature, feeling, and principle. She thought that were she possessed of Hugh Montgomery's love, she could combat any difficulties that her refusal of Lord Clavering's splendid offers might involve her in; but of his regard she had not the shadow of a hope, so carefully had he concealed his views and sentiments. Her only chance of escaping being sacrificed on the altar of splendid misery was the reliance she placed on the affection of her Uncle Gabriel, to whom she determined to take the first opportunity of declaring her utter repugnance to becoming Countess of Clavering.

“And so these Montgomerys have made sacks of gold, and bushels of diamonds, in the East^d Indies?” said Sir Edward, addressing himself to Rosa.

“I have been told they are immensely rich, sir,” answered she.

“And Miss Montgomery,” continued Sir Edward, “she has fifty thousand pounds at her own disposal?”

“So I have heard her say, sir,” replied Rosa.

“Just the thing, egad!” said Sir Edward; “I shall make love to her immediately; she I understand wants a title and I want—not exactly a wife, but cash. Is she handsome?”

“No, truly,” answered Miss Jenkins; “if beauty is a sin, she has none to answer for.”

“So much the better,” said Sir Edward, “a handsome woman expects so much adoration, and being obliged to ransack one’s brains for compliments is very wearisome. For my part, I often wonder how the women can swallow all

the cursed flummery that is crammed down their throats."

"And for my part, I wonder how men can be such hypocrites as to pay compliments, when they do not mean them," said Lord Clavering, looking tenderly at Rosa. "Why are you so silent, Miss Percival; why not honor us with your opinion on this subject?"

"Your lordship must excuse me," replied Rosa, "it is a subject on which I am incompetent to speak, never having been in the habit of receiving compliments from gentlemen."

"Then you must certainly have concealed yourself from their observation," said Lord Clavering, "for to be seen must have been to excite admiration."

Rosa blushed, while Miss Jenkins found her seat uneasy, and began considering that his lordship had never addressed a compliment to her person.

"Is Miss Montgomery of age?" asked Sir Edward.

"I fancy so," said Miss Jenkins.

“ I shall marry her immediately,” resumed he.

“ What ! without obtaining her consent ?” said Miss Jenkins.

“ To obtain that,” continued Sir Edward, “ I presume will be no very arduous undertaking.”

“ But she has lately been in love, and met with a disappointment,” said Miss Jenkins.

“ Even that circumstance is in my favor,” replied he ; “ her heart will more easily receive another impression : her wounded pride will readily accept the consolation offered by another lover more sensible of her charms. I have no doubt of success : in less than a month Miss Montgomery shall be Lady Percival, and then for another dash upon the world, with a plentiful stock of experience. Up to all, duped by none ; neither to be jockeyed on the turf, or pigeoned at the of green cloth.”

“ Well,” said Miss Jenkins, “ I hope no person after this will accuse our sex

of vanity, or building castles in the air, when Sir Edward Percival, the father of Rosa, at his age, when he ought to be grave and steady, not only marries himself to a person he has never seen, but even proceeds to dispose of her fortune."

Sir Edward laughed, and asked if she would bet any thing worth taking up on the affair.

Miss Jenkins said she never laid wagers.

"My life on my success," continued he: "I know the heart of woman tolerably well; there are many avenues to their affections. I shall try them all."

"Success attend the undertaking," said Lord Clavering, "I shall be happy among the first to offer my congratulations."

This conversation brought them to Glenwyn Priory, at the gates of which stood the tawdry equipage of Mrs. Montgomery, who with her daughter was going to pay a bridal visit to Mrs. Mortimer.

Hugh Montgomery was just mounting his horse to accompany them, but seeing the barouche enter the gates, he ordered his groom to take him back to the stable, while he ushered the visitors to the presence of his mother and sister.

After the usual compliments of introduction had passed, Mrs. Montgomery proposed that they should all go to Dolegelly Castle, which being warmly seconded by Sir Edward Percival, was acceded to by the rest of the party; and Hugh Montgomery being invited to take Sir Edward Percival's place in the barouche, who had contrived to express his wish of occupying a seat in Mrs. Montgomery's carriage, they proceeded to pay their compliments to the new married pair.

While on the road, Sir Edward Percival, by compliments to the mother, and flattery to the daughter, had so ingratiated himself with both, that they were unanimous in the opinion that he was the handsomest, most sensible, most well-

bred than they had ever met with since their arrival in North Wales.

Sir Edward was not backward in perceiving the impression he had made, and resolved to pursue what he considered the road to good fortune, not doubting but he could persuade Miss Montgomery, who he discovered was vain, ignorant, and presuming, to accept his hand, and the title of Lady Percival, whenever he pleased.

END OF VOL. II.

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